HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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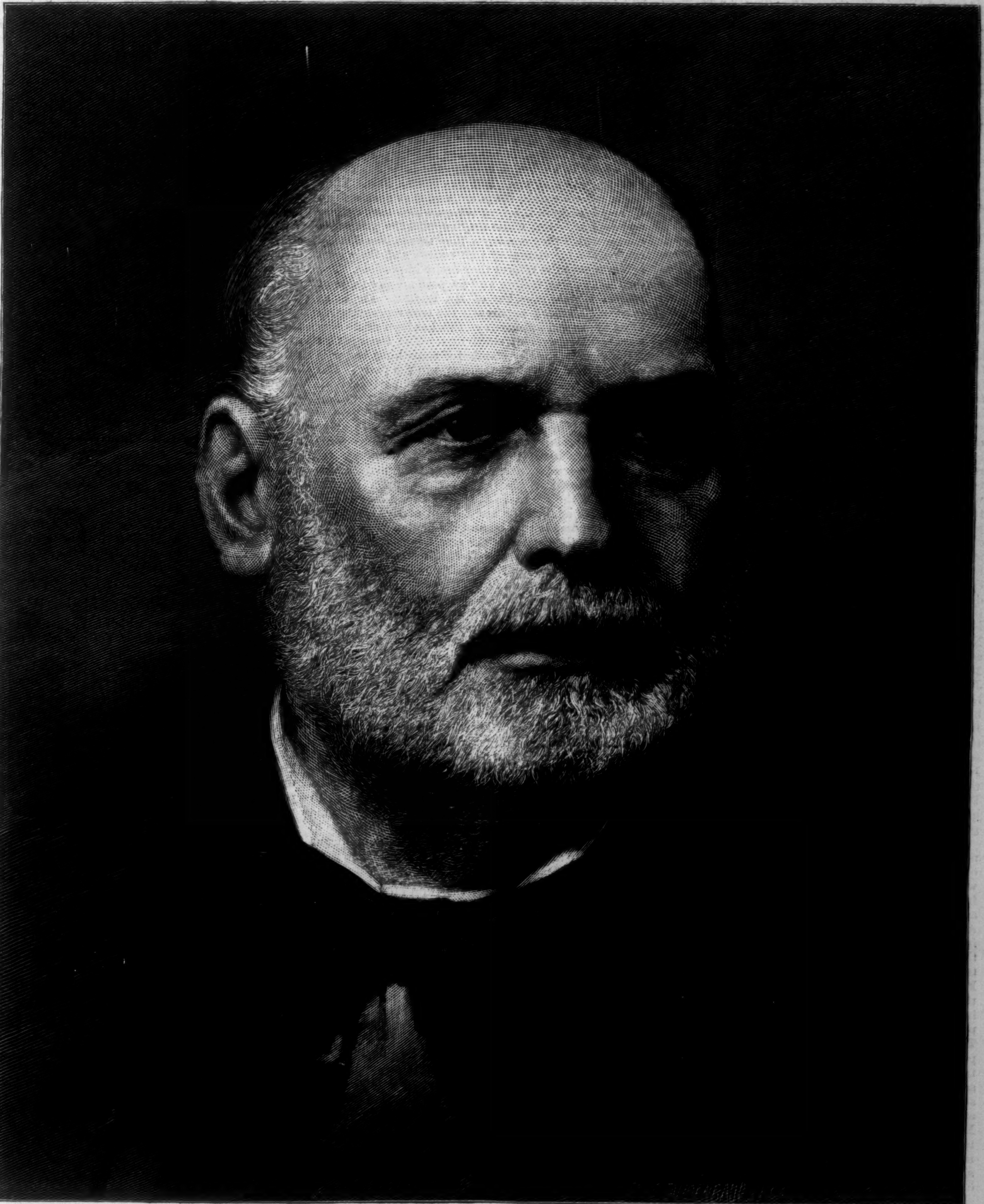

JULES GRÉVY, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.—[SEE PAGE 882.]

"It deserves a welcome at every fireside."—*Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D., in the Sunday-school Journal, New York.*

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number issued November 29th contains several stories and articles of great interest, among which may be mentioned

THE BLUE HOLLAND PITCHER,

A STORY OF EVACUATION DAY,

BY AGNES CARR SAGE,

with an illustration by J. E. KELLY; "*The Marionettes of the Luxembourg,*" *by* LUCY C. LILLIE, *accompanied by a drawing by* ALICE BARBER; "*Thigh-Building,*" *an article on physical development, by* WILLIAM BLAIKIE.

"*Derrick Sterling*" *is concluded in this number. The next issue will be the Christmas number, which will be richly furnished with stories, pictures, poems, etc. In the following number will be begun a new serial story, entitled* "*A New Robinson Crusoe,*" *by* WILLIAM L. ALDEN, *author of* "*The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'*" "*The Moral Pirates,*" *etc.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1887.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

LOOKING FORWARD.

THE electoral vote of New York is usually regarded as almost indispensable to Republican success next year, and the result of the late election in this State was interpreted as probably decisive against the nomination of Mr. BLAINE, who did not carry the State in 1884. But this conclusion is not accepted by his friends. It is generally conceded that he will be nominated if he wishes the nomination. This is an acknowledgment that he has the largest and strongest following among the Republican leaders, and that his friends generally control the machine. Both of these facts are very significant, and undoubtedly they will have great weight with Mr. BLAINE as an earnest of success. Few politicians who are morally sure of a nomination for the Presidency if they desire it are likely to decline it, and Mr. BLAINE has peculiar personal reasons for wishing it. He knows that his party, after a memorable supremacy of a quarter of a century, was overthrown by his nomination, not because of its traditions or principles or policy, but because of his personal reputation. He cannot wish that his public career should end and that he should pass into political history under such a cloud. He would certainly take serious risks to avoid such a catastrophe, perhaps even the risk of a second and conclusive adverse verdict of the country. In addition to his large following and the control of the party machinery, it is urged by his friends, in view of the necessity of securing New York, that he has shown himself to be so strong as almost to overcome the New York plurality for Mr. CLEVELAND, while his chance of carrying New Jersey is apparently as good as that of any Republican. Moreover, other Republican candidates would be estimated somewhat by their relation toward Mr. BLAINE, and candidates who would have prevented the fatal bolt of 1884 would not be necessarily supported in 1888, because the whole situation has changed. In 1884 the question, apart from the candidates, was the national risk of changing from Republican to Democratic administration. In 1888 there will be no question of risk, but of the public advantage to be gained by a change of administration.

If, as Republican leaders assert, the CLEVELAND administration has practically continued the Republican course, and the Republican course be approved, there would be no apparent reason to independent voters for displacing it. The remark is, however, not a very accurate one. The quiet and prudent course of the Administration, and what may be called the prevailing Executive tone, are totally different from what the country would expect under a BLAINE administration, whether directly or indirectly controlled by Mr. BLAINE himself. A great change of feeling in the public mind has been wrought since 1884 by the impression of the essential difference of the political personality of Mr. CLEVELAND and of Mr. BLAINE. The one seems to the public apprehension simple, plain, sturdy, honest, safe; the other, brilliant, dashing, sensational, unscrupulous, unsafe. In 1884 conservative sentiment was very averse to change, and supported Mr. BLAINE. In 1888 it will be equally averse to change, and will support Mr. CLEVELAND. Moreover, however deep the disappointment in regard to the reform course of the Administration may be, no hope of any better course could be entertained of a BLAINE administration. In estimating the chances of other Republican candidates than Mr. BLAINE the spirit and tendency of the party must be considered. If the party be now essentially a BLAINE party, his nomination would be certainly both honest and politic. Now the Republican party in New York, which is the essential State, has carefully demonstrated that it is more truly represented by him than by any other Republican. There has been no Republican recognition whatever of any reason for the result in 1884 but accident, or of any other motive but personal vanity and spite and malice in Republican refusal to support Mr. BLAINE. As the election of 1888 approaches, the chief leadership of the party is in the hands of Mr. PLATT, who is a gentleman wholly without any distinctive public record, and a mere trading politician, while Republican history in New York for the three years of the CLEVELAND administration is a tale of wretched intrigues for place, of an insincere effort to hold both the liquor vote and the temperance vote, and a coquetry with the labor vote, while the hopeful action of the City Convention in nominating Mr. NICOLL was largely baffled at the polls by Republicans to whom the party chooses to commit its nominations and the care of its votes. The Republican party in New York has done nothing, or certainly very little, since 1884, either to regain the confidence of dissenting Republicans or to command the respect of Democrats. It has devoted itself mainly to lusty denunciation of the Administration for its failure consistently to enforce reform, as if the chief Republican leaders in New York cared more for reform than Tammany Hall cares for it.

There are Republicans who see all this, and who insist that certain younger "reform Republicans" should take control of the party and its policy. So the crowd in *Pickwick* cried to the little boy in the fight to go in and win. But they cannot do it. They desire reform within the party, and they seek reform by acquiescing in the very things which they despise and deplore. But while they support the party in a course which they condemn, they themselves destroy the reason for changing that course, and their own action makes the reform they desire impossible. The dominant party feeling and purpose are not those of reform Republicans, but of Mr. BLAINE. He is, at least in New York, apparently the true representative of its views and impulse, and this has been made constantly more evident since 1884. The feeling that Republicanism really stands for something better is a sincere and prevalent sentiment in the party. But it has no visible influence upon the party action. Privately this sentiment may lament the BLAINE ascendency, but publicly it sustains it. This, again, is not a situation which tends to recall the bolting vote of 1884, especially as Republican organs and orators vehemently insist that no President, whatever his personal views, can resist the general drift of his party. However clearly, therefore, upon general principles the result in New York may seem to be conclusive against the nomination of Mr. BLAINE, it is not impossible that he and his lieutenants may decide to try the chance. The result, however, it seems to us, would be decisive defeat. How would he be a stronger candidate in New York than he was in 1884? He could hope for no larger proportion of the Irish vote. The Democratic opponents of Mr. CLEVELAND, upon whom Republican hope has counted, have been placated by his interference in the city election, and they would support him. The Labor vote evidently would draw from the Republican as largely as from the Democratic side, and the Prohibition vote much more largely, while the always full independent ranks would be greatly increased by Republican recruits who will not vote for Mr. BLAINE again or merely refrain from voting. There is no ground in New York upon which a larger proportional vote for Mr. BLAINE than in 1884 can be reasonably anticipated. It is therefore, as we have said, a very serious situation for the Republican party. Should Mr. BLAINE be nominated, he could not be reasonably expected to carry New York, while if he were set aside, the same feeling which led CONKLING Republicans to refuse to aid Mr. BLAINE in 1884 may lead BLAINE Republicans to refuse to aid any other Republican in 1888.

UNCLE SAM'S COGITATION.

THE smooth name of trust, as we recently pointed out, is a mere mask for vast monopoly. It describes what is substantially a huge pool or combination of companies and capital engaged in certain branches of business for the purpose of crushing competition and securing absolute control of the supply and the price. During the last few years there has been a great deal said of the wickedness of extensive combinations of labor, and of the dangers and wrongs to the community of organized strikes and boycotts. They have been undoubtedly the sources of great inconvenience and of great individual wrong, because they interfere with that individual independence of action and the fair competition which are the conditions of healthful society. We are not disposed to deny the mischief that may arise from such movements, nor shall we omit to point them out as they arise. But a much greater and more menacing peril is that colossal organization of corporate wealth which is bad when it takes the form of a single great company, but which is worse when it is a vast aggregation of many companies and interests. The harm to individuals and to society which may be wrought by combinations or conspiracies of labor is slight compared to the injury possible from conspiracies of capital. It is to this fact that the new "trusts" challenge public attention.

The present rise of price in coal is said to be due to a strike in the Lehigh region. If all the facts in regard to the conditions under which the Lehigh miners hold their houses and their means of subsistence were familiar, the whole responsibility for the discomfort and loss arising from a higher price would be probably more equitably distributed. Vast tracts of land are owned by the company, which has undoubtedly come honestly into possession of it. The miners are compelled to occupy the houses erected by the company, and to agree to submit to ejection on five days' notice, and often to buy their supplies at the company's stores. If this situation offers opportunities and even temptations for great abuses in the domain of one company, what is likely to be the situation when such companies combine? Obviously the price of labor and the price of coal will be largely in the hands of the combination or conspiracy. The press rings with alarm and indignation when there is a strike to put up wages, but the putting up of prices by similar combination arouses comparatively a mere bleat of protest. Yet if danger be threatened by this kind of conflict, it is certainly due much more to the selfish greed of monopoly than to the demand of labor.

The wrong to individual independence which is done by strikes and by violent interference with the rights of honest men who choose to decide for themselves upon what terms to sell their labor is undeniable. It is an abuse of the power of combination. But the wrong to society of combinations to keep prices high and wages low is no less unquestionable. Vast and irresponsible power is liable to equally vast abuse—a fact which we emphasize because it is in this quarter, and not in the other, that serious dangers lie. The discontent, the sense of injustice, the hostility of class, to which agitators and anarchists appeal, and which furnish the soil for the seed that they sow, spring from the tendencies in our civilization of which the great "trusts" are the latest manifestation. We are fond of saying that American citizens, however poor, are free and independent, and exercise at pleasure the glorious privilege of the ballot. But did not WEBSTER speak the truth in saying that whoever controls the means of livelihood controls the man? The miner who lives upon the company's land, in the company's house, liable to lose wages and house at any moment, at the will of the company, may not improbably find his freedom and independence in the exercise of the privilege of his ballot somewhat qualified. At least he is in no degree responsible for one of the most immediate of public dangers—the use of money to corrupt voters and buy legislators. It is undoubtedly true, as Mr. ROGERS's cartoon suggests, that Uncle Sam is beginning to wonder whether he must not address himself to dangerous domestic cattle as well as to noxious foreign vermin.

AMENDING THE COPYRIGHT LAW.

THE authors' readings which have just taken place at Chickering Hall, in New York, mark a renewal, under the most promising auspices, of the movement to secure a modification of the copyright law which shall secure to the foreign author some remuneration for his work. The effort has been paralyzed hitherto by the want of agreement among the American parties who are most interested, and the disagreement has been a conclusive argument for official inaction. Until authors and publishers and craftsmen of every kind engaged in the manufacture of books could meet upon some common ground, it was useless to anticipate any serious attention to the demand for amendment of the law. The reply was courteous, but it was decisive: "When you all know what you want, something can be done." The condition of relief is, of course, common agreement, and such agreement implies a concession or waiver of certain views. If, for instance, those who hold, on one side, that the author's right is as absolute as that of any proprietor, and that no measure must be considered which does not begin with the admission of that principle, and those who hold, on the other side, that no scheme should be tolerated which does not regard vested interests and local manufacture, should both insist upon the complete recognition of their views, no forward step could be taken.

That has been long evident. But the earnest friends of the movement have spared no labor and no thought in devising some general plan which, without requiring the surrender of any conviction as to the nature of literary property, should recognize accurately the actual situation, and secure as much advantage as the situation permits without prejudice to further advance hereafter. This is always the statesmanship of good sense, and this is the counsel which is apparently prevailing. The necessity for action lies in the formidable fact that the operation of the existing law tends to the practical destruction of American literature, and that such an event is a national misfortune. The conditions to be borne in mind are the just claims of the author, the demands of the public, and the whole range of the publishing interest. Every group interested, therefore, which insists upon a complete and ab-

solute conformity to its view, becomes a party to the infliction of this injury. This is now so generally evident that there is a concert of purpose such as has never been known, and Congress can have no sound reason for refusing to listen favorably to the specific representations of all those who are most interested in the modification of the existing law.

The demand of the public is for cheap reading, and it will be the interest of the purveyors of literature to satisfy that demand. It is not a demand, however, which insists upon reading made cheap by the destruction of American literature, nor by mere plundering of foreign authors. That would imply a public demoralization which would make such cheapness of reading a curse to any country. It is not necessary that anybody shall be plundered, nor that one of the great monuments of national permanence and glory shall be overthrown, in order to furnish cheap reading. Modifications of the law which should secure manufacture in this country would be a limitation upon the absolute discretion of the foreign author in regard to the publication of his works. But his advantage and the general advantage would be so obvious that, although not a complete measure, it would be an immense gain. This is the purpose of the present promising effort. The readings were a sign of the cordial co-operation of American authors in the movement, and were designed to supply pecuniary aid to it. The intelligent interest of the public is already assured, and the condition of domestic manufacture has received the approval of the various branches of the publishing interest. The promising prospect of a judicious measure we hope will not be imperilled by controversy among the friends of the project as to other possible plans. This session is an auspicious one for the consideration of a definite measure, because it is not a political scheme, and it may be entertained without prejudice of any kind to any party. A bill which is submitted to the committee of either House as the measure which represents the agreement of authors, publishers, printers, pressmen, and all interests combined, will undoubtedly command its immediate attention and action.

APPLES OF GOLD.

THE Louisville *Courier-Journal* has recently ridiculed and opposed in every possible way reform in the civil service, and has warmly condemned any Executive regard for it beyond the strict letter of the law, bitterly denouncing the least respect for "the spirit" of reform. This is the old Bourbon Democratic position.

The Galveston *Daily News*, in reply to the *Courier-Journal*, says, with force and clearness, and with admirable good sense:

"The whole life of the statute as a reform measure is in its spirit. An administration thoroughly imbued with the spirit would not need the letter of the statute to make a clean and faithful civil service. In the absence of the spirit such a civil service could be made by no accumulation of statutory provisions, and by no elaboration of administrative arrangements. And this suggests the most melancholy aspect of the contention of the *Courier-Journal* and the Democratic politicians who agree with it. They have no use for an administration or a policy impressed with the spirit of civil service reform, and addressed to the eradication of the spoils system from politics."

The *Daily News* proceeds to point out that it is the spoils system which prevents all efforts of its party and the party of the *Courier-Journal* from uniting upon any policy or representing effectively any great public principle, especially the tariff reform, for which the *Courier-Journal* is so zealous. The ability of the Democratic press is plainly not confined to the more northern States. The *News* remarks that "the spirit" of reform would sweep away Democratic fellowship with what the *Courier-Journal* holds to be un-Democratic politicians and doctrines.

It says:

"This is the bottom secret of the mechanical unity in the Democratic party which admits the RANDALL contingent as a Republican garrison in the Democratic camp. This is the baleful influence which has so long had mastery in successive party Conventions, and juggled with platforms in a way to drown principles and dissolve issues in muddles of lactaqueous phraseology. In short, there can be no assurance of any established success in tariff reform, legislative reform, political reform, without the precedent condition of civil service reform. Meanwhile it is frightfully evident that all possible progress in civil service reform is needed in the interest hardly less of clean and faithful journalism than of clean and useful politics."

THE LATE MR. BODY.

THE recent death of Mr. JOHN E. BODY in this city removes a man whose career, although private, was one of unusual variety and romance. Mr. BODY was an Englishman, and in his earlier days he was one of the largest corn factors in London, with a house in Odessa, in which the Russian Count SOBIENSKI was a special partner. It was before the days of railroads and telegraphs, and a mounted messenger was sent every week from London twenty-four hours in advance of the mail. The repeal of the corn-laws was fatal to the business, and Mr. BODY came to this country.

He went to Nicaragua, which was deeply interested in the transit route across the isthmus, and for four years his life there was one of peril and adventure. He contracted to carry gold across the isthmus, and in fifteen months thirty millions of dollars were safely transferred from ocean to ocean without the loss of a dollar to owners or underwriters. Mr. BODY was one of the most strenuous advocates of the Nicaraguan ship-canal, for which in 1849 Mr. VANDERBILT and his associates obtained a grant. Mr. BODY never lost his interest in the project, and his paper read at Chickering Hall as late as 1879 was one of the most instructive contributions to the literature of the subject.

He had not the genius of commercial success, and after his return from Nicaragua, and the failure of various enterprises, he became the Secretary and Treasurer of the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad, until he was stricken by mortal disease some four years since. Mr. BODY was a singularly winning man, with a happy faculty of narration, for which his varied and picturesque career furnished the romantic material. He left a widow, but no children, and his circle of familiar friends was not large. But it recalls him and will always remember him with affection as a most kindly, manly, interesting, and modest gentleman.

ADMIRABLE APPOINTMENTS.

GOVERNOR HILL has wisely nominated Mrs. CAROLINE B. STODDARD, of Binghamton, and Mrs. CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS, of Buffalo, as two of the managers of the State Insane Asylum at Buffalo. Both ladies are said to be admirably qualified for the responsibility, and their appointment is an illustration of the advance of public sentiment. The selection in recent years of women as members of school boards and of important charitable boards of supervision and management is a great gain for the humane and proper control of such enterprises.

The committal of suffering and unfortunate women as well as of criminal women to the exclusive care of men in public institutions is unseemly and demoralizing. No man alone can befriend properly a woman under such circumstances, not because of want of sympathy or good-will, but because he is a man and not a woman. Women alone have the adequate knowledge of women to assure to them proper public care, and in all institutions which are designed for women as well as men womanly supervision and consultation are indispensable for the best results. Even where the attendants must be men, the presence of women clad with official authority is always of the most harmonizing and happy influence.

The value of the services of women of character and ability, fitted for such trusts upon important public boards of charity or education, is quite as marked and as gladly recognized as that of men of similar qualifications. They devote themselves to the work with an assiduity and intelligent sympathy which are not always found among their male associates, and their aid is by none so warmly acknowledged as by the men who are best qualified for the same service. The principle of such appointments may be extended wisely into every public department which is necessarily concerned with women. Such acts as these appointments of Governor HILL are signs of higher civilization.

THE MISSION OF ARBITRATION.

THE meeting to hear the views of the members of Parliament who have come to this country to promote arbitration as the means of adjusting international difficulties was a very significant and important meeting. In Boston a similar meeting has been held, at which the gentlemen spoke, and at which the Governor of the State, Senator HOAR, ex-Governor LONG, the Mayor of Boston, and the Collector of the Port cordially responded to the object and spirit of the English mission. Its reception by the President has been equally hearty, and the significance of the mission is the more impressive because of the negotiations between Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his associates from both countries which are now proceeding in Washington.

There is a universal feeling that any serious difficulty between this country and England would be a kind of unnatural and fratricidal quarrel. Our civilization and our institutions are at fault if, honestly desiring peace and good-will upon both sides, we do not equitably and honorably secure peace and good-will when trouble arises. Where documents are uncertain, and arrangements obscure, and different understandings justifiable and natural, there must be of course concession and forbearance to secure mutual intelligence. The object of fair negotiations under such circumstances is not victory, but settlement.

Now as this is the strong and permanent feeling on the part of the great mass of sensible Americans and Englishmen, the mission of Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, Mr. STEWART, and Mr. CREAMER, whose colleagues have returned to England, is most timely and reasonable. Its object is to secure what we all wish to have secured—a settlement by arbitration of all differences between the countries. This purpose they would effect by a treaty providing for such settlement, which they hope may be speedily negotiated. Another great meeting is contemplated in Philadelphia, and we shall take due note of the progress of the good work.

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVERS.

THE fraternity of engravers known as the Society of American Wood-Engravers has taken the responsibility of issuing in book form a special collection of engravings, from which an idea may be gained of the refinement and distinction to which the art has attained. The society includes all the engravers who have risen to high preferment in the practice of the art, and the examples of engraving which it puts forth may be accepted as representing the best work of each member. The whole is entitled *Engravings on Wood by Members of the Society of American Wood-Engravers*, and is published by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, and there is an introduction treating of the art of wood-engraving, and also a brief descriptive text.

An *édition de luxe*, one hundred and twelve copies (two copies of which were deposited in the Library of Congress for copyright purposes), at $100 each, was subscribed before publication. Indeed the demand was for a very much larger number. The popular edition, which was published November 25th, is a very handsome volume, presenting the engravings in the form of plate proofs, and commending itself to lovers of the art with everything that fine printing, fine paper, and artistic binding can contribute.

The engravers as a body are to be congratulated upon the importance of the work, its dignity, and its interesting and instructive character. It will serve to illustrate most effectively the proper and legitimate claims of their art, and to convey an admirable and satisfactory idea of its growth and development.

The work has been prepared under the direction of Messrs. G. KRUELL, FRANK FRENCH, and F. S. KING, acting as a committee of the Society of American Wood-Engravers; and in addition to their own contributions contains examples of the work of BERNSTROM, CLOSSON, COLE, DAVIS, JOHNSON, KINGSLEY, MÜLLER, PUTNAM, TINKEY, WELLINGTON, WOLF, and Miss CAROLINE A. POWELL.

PERSONAL.

MRS. BEECHER, the widow of the eminent divine, has taken a small apartment in Brooklyn, with windows commanding a view of the East River and the shipping in the bay. There, surrounded by birds and flowers and numerous memorials of her husband, she passes her busy days; for she still keeps up her interest in Plymouth Church, and presides over the ladies' meeting and the sewing society, and does considerable writing for the press.

—Mr. GEORGE L. RIVES, who has been appointed by Secretary BAYARD to succeed Ex-Governor PORTER as Assistant Secretary of State, is well known in New York social as well as professional circles. Mr. RIVES is a member of the law firm of OLIN, RIVES, & MONTGOMERY. He is thirty-eight years of age, tall, blond, with hair parted down the middle and whiskers trimmed to a point, and is always handsomely and fashionably dressed. Mr. RIVES graduated from Columbia College second in the class of '68, and then entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated with honor. Returning to New York, he took the course at the Columbia College Law School, carrying off the second prize. He is a trustee of Columbia College and of the Astor Library, and a member of the Century and Knickerbocker clubs. Mr. RIVES's wife is a niece of Ex-Secretary HAMILTON FISH.

—WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER, of the Standard Oil Company, is erecting a $250,000 house on property near Dobbs Ferry, on the Hudson, and he will put up a $100,000 stable to go with it. Mr. JOHN JACOB ASTOR has added twenty acres more to the COTINET and SCHUYLER properties he bought in the same neighborhood during the summer. HENRY VILLARD has bought $300,000 worth of property there, which he is laying out as a park.

—GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, is said to regard the writing of 250 words as a good day's work, Mr. BLAINE made 1500 his stint when writing his recollections, and Admiral PORTER dashes off 2500 as rapidly as a poet writing under inspiration.

—Mrs. HANCOCK, the General's widow, is, after all, to have a house given her by her own and her husband's friends in Washington. The delay was caused by a real estate agent, who advanced the price of the house in proportion to the anxiety of the purchasing committee to close the bargain. The original price was $15,000, which was raised to $20,000, at which the negotiations are said to have been completed.

—Colonel THOMAS W. KNOX, the famous "globe-trotter" and author, delivered a lecture in New York recently upon the subject of "How to Travel." "A light heart and a thin pair of trousers," said this experienced traveller, "are the prime requisites for a journey, together with a pair of eyes open to every impression and a mind susceptive of gaining liberal views." The genial Colonel might have added to his thin pair of trousers a pocket well filled with coppers, for there is nothing more useful during a European trip.

—G. F. WATTS, the English painter, is at the head of a movement in London for the erection of a memorial of heroism. The heroes whom Mr. WATTS would honor are not brave soldiers and sailors—they have their monuments in numerous churches and abbeys—but men and women who have risked their lives to save the lives of others. He suggests a sort of temple with colonnades to be erected in Hyde Park, with the names of the heroes and the stories of their heroism inscribed on tablets set in the columns. In the centre of the temple he would place a group of statuary symbolic of Heroism.

—Honors do not come singly to Lord LYTTON. The ink is scarcely dry on the official papers appointing him Minister to France when he is made Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. Both his political and literary accomplishments are complimented by these appointments. Lord LYTTON is a thorough man of the world and a man of striking appearance. His high, somewhat projecting forehead is surmounted by a mass of curling brown hair that stands around it like a halo. Large blue eyes lend a poetic expression to his face, but the strongly chiselled features and the thick brown beard and mustache make his appearance altogether manly.

—POTTER PALMER, the Chicago millionaire, like most millionaires, began his business career at the very bottom of the ladder. He earned his first salary as a clerk in a Pennsylvania country store, and probably thought himself well paid when he drew his ten dollars on the 1st of each month. Mr. PALMER made his fortune by judicious investments in Chicago real estate. He managed to keep just ahead of the "boom," and sold out when it was at its height. He lost $2,500,000 by the great fire, and he borrowed $1,500,000 to resume business. This debt he has just paid in full, with interest.

—The chief claim to public gratitude on the part of Mr. PEARSALL SMITH, whose "Olive Branch from America" has brought him an unenviable fame, is that he is the husband of HANNAH WHITALL SMITH, the Philadelphia evangelist. Mrs. SMITH comes of an old Quaker family, and is regarded by those who know her best as the salt of the earth. She spends her time in expounding the truths of the Bible to eager listeners both in this country and in England. Few Americans have the doors of the British aristocracy thrown more widely open to them than this American evangelical worker.

—The house occupied by the son and daughter of General ROBERT E. LEE at Lexington, Virginia, was built by the General after the war, and is a plain brick structure with a vine-hung porch. Inside, the house is very home-like and comfortable. Its walls are hung with family portraits, many of them very old, and one from the brush of Sir GODFREY KNELLER. General CUSTIS LEE, who is President of the Washington and Lee University, has his study here, although he spends a large part of his time in the University, the grounds of which adjoin his.

—Chancellor JOHN H. VINCENT, of the Chautauqua University, has a genius for hard work. He never knows what it is to have an idle moment. Besides his arduous labors in connection with Chautauqua University, he is General Superintendent of the Sunday-schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and edits a paper called *Our Youth*. His Sunday-school visitations keep him a large part of the time in railway trains, but he carries on his work there the same as at his desk. A stenographer and a type-writing machine are constantly with him, and his thoughts fly with the flying train. At the same time Dr. VINCENT makes speeches, writes books, edits manuscripts, and dictates more letters in a day than most men do in a month. And yet, with all this work, Dr. VINCENT never seems to be in a hurry, and if it was not that he has to stop the tread-mill occasionally and take a holiday, his friends would never know how busy he is. His holidays, however, mean only another form of work. When he was abroad last winter he was on the wing all the time, and attending to no end of business.

PANIC-STRICKEN ANIMALS FROM THE FIRE AT THE WINTER-QUARTERS OF BARNUM'S MENAGERIE.—Drawn by F. S. Church.—[See Page 883.]

THE WITCH-FINDER AT SPRINGFIELD.

On a low pedestal in Stearns Park, Springfield, stands at present the statue of an elderly man, clad in the long, broad-collared cloak which was the ordinary protection from the weather for grave and worthy souls in Holland and England two centuries and a half ago. A soft steeple-hat with broad brim casts heavy shadows over his face, but the rugged and determined features are easily seen. The strong jaw is set, the lips are closed in a firm look, the eyes are gravely placed on the ground ahead, as if thoughts of public importance were behind them; the right hand is thrust forward, and leans on a ponderous staff of oak, and the left holds close to the doublet under the wide cloak a great Bible with brass nails and iron clasps. It is "The Puritan," by Augustus St. Gaudens, given to the city of Springfield by the late Chester W. Chapin, unveiled on Thanksgiving Day by the donor's son.

The Chapin family is one of the oldest in Springfield, and the statue is meant to typify the first settlers. The sculptor has therefore taken from surviving members of the family and from the face of the late Mr. Chester W. Chapin such traits as seemed to him fitting for the ideal he had conceived. Especially is the upper part of the face like the late railway magnate and eminent citizen. But there is also a look of Daniel Webster about those hollow and deep eye sockets and that chin of command. The clothing is strong, home-made stuff, no fine cloth from the looms of France; the bands are decent cambric, no lace or gewgaws such as the travellers of that age brought home to England and Holland from Italy and Flanders; the hose are honest ribbed stockings; and the small-clothes are of that comfortable size which Washington Irving never failed to place upon the ample proportions of his comic figures of New Amsterdam. Such a cloak as this is seldom seen nowadays out of Ireland, and then it belongs to an old woman. It might, indeed, form the concealment of a witch like to those Edmund Spenser speaks of seeing in the Emerald Isle three centuries ago—a witch whose only habitation was a great rain cloak. But Mr. St. Gaudens has used the cloak for the witch-finder, not the witch. He has added to the type of early colonists, for whom the Bible was a law such as the Koran is to Mohammedans, a further something which carries the statue high upward in the realm of the fine arts. Not merely a partial embodiment of various members of a family; not merely a representation of the men who felled and ploughed and reaped, who fought Indians and Canadians, and at last their own nearest kindred, the British—he has made this figure the ideal of the Puritan in general, whom one-half of New England execrates and the other half adores. It is the figure of a regicide and cheerful burner of witches, such as Nathaniel Hawthorne drew with the lore of the past in its historical aspect, and the especial fondness of one whose ancestors were at the burning, if not at the royal execution.

"THE PURITAN"—ST. GAUDENS'S STATUE OF SAMUEL CHAPIN.—Unveiled at Springfield, Massachusetts, November 24.—From a Photograph.

The Puritan strides along, a hale old man, content with himself, and ready to cite chapter and verse from the Bible under his arm in favor of much worse penalties than he is ever likely to inflict. He passes without noticing it a branch of pine, symbolizing the great pine-barrens of Plymouth County and the forests of New Hampshire and Vermont. There is a breezy force, an immense latent strength, in the action of the figure, and a really grand resolve in the close-set mouth and broad chin. The cloak swaying about him in an irregular semicircle is a bold departure from the common rules of sculpture. From behind, the old Puritan may readily be mistaken for the old witch. But that much concession to realism may be allowed when we reflect that in the days of the first settlers it must have been hard to distinguish the sexes from a distance. The folds of the heavy garment form grateful lights and shades, and the bell shape, caused by its swaying as he walks, adds greatly to the sense of alertness and life.

Mr. St. Gaudens has made another success of the Springfield statue close upon his achievement in Chicago with the "Lincoln." His record now includes four capital figures—the "Farragut," the "Lincoln," the "Randall," at Sailors' Snug Harbor, and "The Puritan." It is odd that among the many statues of Washington and Grant for which designs have been solicited, none should have been assigned to Augustus St. Gaudens. There are patrons of the fine arts in this country who would rather have a monument designed by some tasteless fabricator of the commonplace, with a reputation in Europe, than by the most original American. Every statue like "The Puritan," which not only equals the work of the best French sculptors, but surpasses that of all but as many as may be numbered on one hand, does good in convincing the waverers that sculpture is not a dead letter in the United States.

The statue was unveiled with simple exercises. James A. Rumrill, son-in-law of the late Chester W. Chapin, and Vice-President of the Boston and Albany Railroad, introduced Chester W. Chapin, of New York, who presented the statue, on behalf of his father, to the city of Springfield. Mayor E. B. Maynard accepted the gift on behalf of the city, expressing the high esteem in which the family have been held. President H. L. Chapin, of Beloit College, Beloit, Wisconsin, also a lineal descendant of the same stock, gave a short address on the character and influence which this sturdy Puritan has had both through his deeds and his descendants. The exercises closed with a prayer by Rev. Dr. S. G. Buckingham, the oldest pastor in the city. The Chapin family and others, including the sculptor, had a reunion at the old family homestead in Chicopee Street Parish after the unveiling.

Pretty Eagle. Spotted Horse. Iron Fork.

GROUP OF HEADMEN OF THE CROW INDIANS.—From a Photograph by Lieutenant Chatfield, U.S.A.—[See Page 878.]

CROW AGENCY AND SCHOOL BUILDINGS—THE SCENE OF THE FIRST OUTBREAK.

THE CROW INDIANS.

The trouble with the Crow Indians, the origin and progress of which were described in the Weekly of November 5th, has ended in the defeat and death of Sword-Bearer, the hostile leader, and the surrender of his followers. Our former account left the defiant band camped near the Crow agency, and the troops assembling. When all was ready, General Ruger, the department commander, sent Scout Campbell and Interpreter Tobacco Jake on November 5th to say that he wanted to see the chiefs at the agency. Eight of them, headed by Pretty Eagle, responded to this summons. Sketches of three, Pretty Eagle, Spotted Horse, and Iron Fork, are given in the present number of the Weekly, and also a view of some of the agency buildings.

Inspector Armstrong began the talk by saying that the Great Father had sent him to the agency to settle the trouble, and that General Ruger must have Sword-Bearer and all the others he might ask for. General Ruger said he wanted all those that fired into the agency building. Pretty Eagle answered, "We will give up Sword-Bearer, but not the others." General Ruger responded, "I must have all the bad young men," and turning to Crazy Head, he added, "I want your boy too. They sha'n't be hurt, but must be punished." The chiefs said they would go back and talk with the medicine man (Sword-Bearer), whereupon General Ruger rejoined, "That is all I have to say."

On their return to the camp a council was held, and presently the Indians were seen in line, with Sword-Bearer riding back and forth haranguing them. When the time for consideration had expired, the cavalry moved forward. The Indians quickly opened fire from their rifle-pits and the brush. A sharp skirmish resulted in the retreat of the hostiles, many of them circling about to surrender at the agency, and others following Sword-Bearer. At the crossing of the Little Horn the young chief attempted a stand, but was killed in the fight, and his few remaining men scattered to the hills, hotly pursued by the cavalry.

The death of Sword-Bearer completed the demoralization of his band. Like other "medicine men," he had claimed and been credited with supernatural power, and thus exerted an additional influence upon the more superstitious of his tribe. But with his fall the realities of the rifle began to have a more tangible effect than the mysteries of "medicine." Within a day or so the last of the defiant Indians surrendered, and peace was assured.

A gratifying feature of this skilful and effective suppression of the revolt was the humane and kindly spirit of the military authorities, who, mindful of the services and the long-tested fidelity of the Crows as a tribe, in hostilities with the Sioux and other Indians, seemed determined that there should be no Crow war, and that the ambition of Sword-Bearer and a few other reckless young braves should be checked at the least possible cost of life. A corporal killed and one or two men wounded formed all the casualties among the troops, and the Indians appear to have scarcely suffered more. Stern measures had only been resorted to when inevitable, and after the affair it was arranged to enlist about thirty of the restless young Crows as scouts at Fort Custer, where their energies could be directed into better channels.

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Joshua Marvel," "Golden Grain," "Grif," etc.

CHAPTER XLVII.

FRED CORNWALL TO THE RESCUE.

So overwhelming was Aunt Leth's despair after Mr. Beeminster's departure that she almost lost her senses. She could not think coherently, but she had a vague consciousness that something—she knew not what—must be immediately done, and she put her hands over her face and pressed her forehead hard in the endeavor to recall her wandering thoughts. She was not successful; her mind grew more confused, and she might have remained for a long time in this most terrible bewilderment had it not been for a loud and rapid knocking at the street door. The interruption had a salutary effect upon her; it caused her to start to her feet, and to become sensible to what was actually occurring. What did that knocking portend? Some fresh calamity?

"Fred! Fred!" she cried.

He hastened into the room, and she fell into his arms, and sobbed there hysterically.

"Aunt Leth! Aunt Leth!" said Fred, in a soothing tone. "There, there, be calm! You have heard the dreadful news, then?"

"And you," whispered Aunt Leth, amazed that he should be so cool: his voice was solemn, it is true, but there was in it no note of despair: "you know all?"

"All," he replied. "I bought a newspaper, and came here at once. Has Phœbe been told?"

"No."

"My poor girl!" said Fred. "How will she bear it?"

"What paper did you buy?" asked Aunt Leth, bewildered by his manner.

He gave it to her, and wiping the tears from her eyes and looking at the column he pointed out, she saw that it was a different newspaper from that which Mr. Beeminster had brought with him. Fred's newspaper contained the simple announcement that Miser Farebrother had been found dead in his grounds at Parksides under such circumstances as would lead to the belief that he had been murdered.

"You do not know the worst," said Aunt Leth; and then, in as calm a voice as she could command, she related what had occurred.

He listened in horror and amazement. Until this moment he had been ignorant of Phœbe's visit to Parksides on the previous night, and of her return to Camden Town at ten o'clock that morning; and he instantly saw that his darling girl was in peril. The name of the paper from which Mr. Beeminster had read the account of the murder was being called in the street by a newspaper boy, and Fred darted out and purchased a copy. After perusing the report he remained quiet for a minute or two, with his head resting in his hand. "We must be calm, Aunt Leth," he said. "There is in this paper the first notes of a terrible accusation against our dear girl. It is due to Mrs. Pamflett's malice. She shall be punished for it—she and her infamous son."

"You will protect Phœbe!" implored Aunt Leth, laying her hand on Fred's arm. "You will save her!"

"I will protect and save her. My poor Phœbe! my poor Phœbe! But she will be able to clear up the mystery, although she may not lead us immediately to the discovery of the actual murderer. She can give us an explanation of her own movements. What has she told you, Aunt Leth?"

"I have not got one sensible word from her, Fred, since she came home."

"What does the doctor say?"

"That she must be kept quiet. He is coming again this evening."

"I must see her, if only for a moment. I will not agitate her, but it is imperative that we learn something from her which will enable us to act. Take me to her, Aunt Leth."

Aunt Leth recognized the reasonableness of Fred's request, and she led him upstairs to the bedroom. Fanny was there, her eyes red with weeping.

"Has she spoken, Fanny?" asked Aunt Leth. "Has she said anything?"

"Only one word, mamma. Oh, Fred, isn't this dreadful! There, mamma, that is all she says—'Father! father!'"

"Go out of the room for a little while, Fanny," said Fred Cornwall. "You can return when we leave." And then to Aunt Leth, when Fanny was gone, "Does Fanny know of Mr. Beeminster's visit?"

"She knows nothing, Fred," replied Aunt Leth.

It required a supreme effort on Fred's part to control his agitation as he gazed upon the white, pitiful face of his dear girl. Her body was quite still, but her head tossed from side to side on the pillow, and in her distressful moans there could be distinguished but one word—"Father! father! father!" repeated incessantly.

"Phœbe!" whispered Fred, bending over her.

"She recognizes no one, Fred," whispered Aunt Leth; "not even me or Fanny."

They remained with the suffering girl for a quarter of an hour, and then they stole softly from her bedside and went down-stairs. Fred was very grave; he realized that his dear one was in no light peril.

"Mr. Beeminster set a man to watch the house," said Aunt Leth, pointing to the window.

Fred looked out, and then, saying he would not be gone a minute, left the house.

"There is a man watching also at the back of the house," he said, when he returned.

"Oh, Fred," cried Aunt Leth, "what does it all really mean?"

"The meaning is clear enough," replied Fred, and the concentrated expression on his face showed how busily his mind was employed; "there has been a suspicion of the horrible crime thrown upon the suffering angel upstairs. If I were only Phœbe's lover, Aunt Leth, I should be in a fury of rage at the wicked accusation; but I am her champion and her defender, and I must keep my feelings well under control, or I shall not be able to serve her. Some devilish plot has been invented, and we must meet it. Phœbe, by her actions last night and this morning, even by the state in which she now lies, unfortunately gives some color to the vile, infernal accusation. Everything depends upon coolness. Such strange cases are being daily brought to light that the public are ready to believe anything. Now tell me: what was Phœbe's motive in leaving last night for Parksides without first letting you know?"

"I can only guess at it, Fred; but I am sure it is the truth. We were in the most dreadful trouble—I thought nothing worse could happen to us, but I was mistaken; this is a thousand times more terrible!"

"Don't give way, Aunt Leth. Remember what I said: everything depends upon coolness. I know of your trouble, and that you are, thank God! out of it; it was a money trouble, and the money is paid."

"Yes, Fred; but how did you know?"

"Never mind; go on about Phœbe."

"We were sitting in the dark, talking and mourning over it. My husband was in despair. There was only one way to prevent ruin, and that was to obtain a sum of money at once—it was three hundred pounds, Fred: a fortune—and we saw no way. So we sat talking, and trying to console each other. Suddenly I missed Phœbe; she had left the room so quietly that we did not observe it. A little while afterward 'Melia Jane told us that she had met Phœbe, who had given her a message to us that she had gone to Parksides to see her father. There was but one reason for her doing this; it was to try and obtain the money from her father that would prevent us being turned into the streets. She must have left us just as my husband was saying that as he walked to the bank he had a dream of hope, and that an angel had come forward to save us. Then, I suppose, the idea occurred to our dear girl to go to her father and entreat him to help us. If she had spoken to me first, I should have convinced her of the impossibility of her errand meeting with success."

"You have placed the right construction upon her leaving unknown to you. She felt that if you suspected her intention she would be unable to carry it out. When you put her to bed this morning did you search her pockets?"

"Yes, Fred; and I hoped to find something that would clear up the mystery. I found nothing."

"You found something," said Fred. "Her handkerchief, her purse?"

"Yes, of course, those; and her gloves."

"She was not wearing them, then?"

"No."

"Was there any money in her purse?"

"Not one penny, Fred."

"I hear 'Melia Jane's step on the stairs; I must have a word with her." He went to the door and called the girl, who entered the room. "I want to ask you a question or two," he said to her. "In answering me do not say a word you are not certain of."

"I won't, Mr. Cornwall,'' said 'Melia Jane.

"When you met Miss Phœbe last night did she seem very much agitated?"

"Very much, Mr. Cornwall. More nor I can express. She was crying, but she didn't want me to see. She tried to keep her face from me."

"You did not attempt to stop her? You asked her no questions?"

"Lor', Mr. Cornwall, she didn't give me time to get out a single word. She said what she'd got to say, and she run away like lightning."

"Did she wear a veil?"

"Yes, Mr. Cornwall, she did. The veil that man as come 'ere this afternoon showed me, and arksed me whether Miss Phœbe wore it last night when she went away. 'Ow ever he got 'old of it is more than I can guess!"

"When he asked you whether Miss Phœbe wore the veil, what did you say?"

"I sed, yes, she did. And he showed me a broach, and wanted to git me to say that she wore that last night; but I didn't, because I 'ain't seen that broach on Miss Phœbe for a long time."

"You could swear," said Fred, eagerly, "that she did not wear a brooch when you saw her last night?"

"No, Mr. Cornwall, I couldn't swear that. I could swear I didn't see it—that's all. But I could swear to the veil."

Fred bit his lip. "If any man you don't know asks you any further questions about Miss Phœbe, do not answer him."

"I won't, Mr. Cornwall; they sha'n't pump me. That feller tried to, but he didn't git very much."

"He got enough," thought Fred, and said aloud, "That will do, 'Melia Jane; you can go. And now, Aunt Leth, quite apart from the statement which Mrs. Pamflett gave the reporters, it is proved that Phœbe was at Parksides last night. How did she get there?"

"I really can't say, Fred. I think she must have been too late for the last train."

"Have you an 'A B C' in the house?"

"No."

"I must see at what time the last train starts. Do you think she came back to London by the train this morning?"

"I don't know, Fred. Poor child! her feet were very much blistered."

"Good God! Surely she could not have walked!" He paced the room in great excitement. "About the brooch, Aunt Leth? Can you fix any definite time—any particular day—on which you last saw it in Phœbe's possession?"

"No, Fred; but I am sure I haven't seen it for a good many weeks."

"That she has not worn it for a good many weeks?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"You could not swear she has not worn it?"

"No."

"You could not swear she did not wear it last night?"

"No. But it is scarcely likely, with her feelings toward that wretch Mrs. Pamflett, that she would ever wear it after she was turned out of her father's house. What I am saying seems to trouble you."

"It does trouble me. I pray that I may be wrong in my impressions; but I fear that dark days are before us."

"If we speak the truth, Fred, there is nothing to fear."

"I am not so sure," said Fred, gloomily.

"But we *must* speak the truth, Fred!"

"Yes; it must be spoken—by us at least."

"Your fears may be groundless, Fred."

"I am afraid not."

"All we can do is to hope for the best."

"Not at all, Aunt Leth. What we have to do is to work for the best. Hoping never yet overcame a villanous plot. I must go now. There is much to do. I shall be here again in the evening."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE INQUEST.

The following report of the inquest appeared in the special editions of the evening papers on the following evening:

"The inquest upon the body of the gentleman known as 'Miser' Farebother, who was found dead in the grounds of Parksides, was held in Beddington this morning.

"The coroner, addressing the jury, said that they were about to investigate what there was little reason to doubt was a foul murder. Certain witnesses were present whose evidence would enable them to decide under what circumstances death had taken place. He was informed that one witness was absent whose evidence might have an important bearing upon the inquiry, although it would not probably alter the verdict which would be given. Their first duty was to identify the body of the dead man.

"This being done, the actual inquiry commenced. The first witness called was Mrs. Deborah Pamflett. Before she was examined, however, Mr. Frederick Cornwall, barrister, rose, and asked to be allowed to say a few words.

"The Coroner: 'Have they any bearing upon this inquiry?'

"Mr. Cornwall: 'A direct bearing. I appear here to watch the case on behalf of the only child of the murdered man, and I request permission to put some questions to the witnesses, if I consider it necessary to do so.'

"The Coroner: 'I shall have no objection to pertinent questions being put to the witnesses, but it must be done through me.'

"Mr. Cornwall: 'I thank you, sir. You have referred to the absence of a witness whose evidence would be likely to have an important bearing upon this inquiry. I assume that the witness referred to is the lady I represent. An unhappy circumstance prevents her attendance. I hand you a certificate, signed by two doctors, to the effect that Miss Farebrother is suffering from brain-fever, and that she is not in a fit state to be removed from the house in which she is lying, or to be examined either there or here. Were she well enough she would be present on this occasion, painful as it would be to her.'

"The Coroner: 'In whose house is Miss Farebrother being nursed?'

"Mr. Cornwall: 'In her aunt's house in Camden Town. You will find the exact address on the certificate.'

"The certificate was handed in, and the examination of Mrs. Pamflett was proceeded with.

"'Your name is Deborah Pamflett?'—'Yes.'

"'You are a widow?'—'Yes.'

"'In the service of the deceased?'—'Yes.'

"'In what capacity?'—'As his house-keeper.'

"'How long have you been so employed?'—'Eighteen years.'

"'Were there any other servants in the house?'—'None.'

"'Not at any time during your service?'—'Not at any time.'

"'Of how many persons did the household of the deceased consist?'—'Usually of three—himself, his daughter, and me.'

"'Why do you say usually?'—'Because his daughter was frequently absent on visits to her aunt and uncle, in London.'

"'Was she absent on the day of the death of your master?'—'She had been absent from the house for some weeks, but on the night my master met his death she was present.'

"'Relate the occurrences of that day, as far as your memory will serve you.'—'My memory is pretty faithful. My master rose at his usual hour, and the day passed quietly. He received one visitor in the afternoon—my son, who managed his business for him in London, and who, I believe, will be examined here. Before my son arrived my master sent me to the telegraph office with a message to him, asking him to come upon business. My son, however, anticipated the message, and alighted from the train just as I sent off the message. He met me in the village, and we walked to Parksides together. When I went to my master and told him that my son had arrived, he expressed himself as being very pleased. Between my master and my son the most friendly and cordial relations existed: they never had a word of difference. This made my own service in the house very pleasant, so far as my master was concerned. I was present during some portion of the time my son was with our master, who spoke in great praise of the way my son was conducting the London business. They had tea together in my master's room, and after that my son left for London.'

"'At what hour did he leave?'—'At about seven o'clock. I did not take particular note of the time, there being no occasion for it, but that was about the hour, within a few minutes one way or another. At eight o'clock my master rang the bell for me, and I went up to him. I was in the habit of sitting with him often when there was no one else in the house, and sometimes of reading the paper to him. He was very lonely, and very much troubled and unhappy about his daughter.'

"Mr. Cornwall (rising): 'I submit, sir, that these observations do not come within the scope of the present inquiry.'

"The Coroner: 'I think the witness is giving her evidence fairly. It will, however, be as well

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1593.

that she should confine herself as much as possible to facts.'

"Witness: 'I am stating facts, sir.'

"The Coroner: 'I mean facts relating chiefly to the death of the deceased. It is sufficient, perhaps, at present to know that there was some disturbance of those affectionate relations which should exist between father and daughter.' To witness: 'Under what circumstances did Miss Farebrother, on the last occasion, leave her father's house? I must request you not to interrupt the proceedings, Mr. Cornwall. You are here only upon courtesy.'

"Mr. Cornwall: 'I might contest that, sir; but I will interrupt as little as possible.'

"The Coroner (to witness): 'Answer my question.'—'I do not know the precise circumstances, sir. All I know is that they had a violent quarrel late at night, and that Miss Farebrother left against her father's wish, and without his consent. After her departure he was very unhappy, and shed tears.'

"The Coroner: 'Proceed now with the events of the day you are describing.'—'I sat with my master till ten o'clock, and then there was a ring at the gate bell. My master said it was a visitor he was expecting, and I went down and admitted him. I do not know his name, but for the last three or four years he came perhaps four or five times a year—always at night—and he and my master would be closeted together for two or three hours. On this occasion that he was with my master I went down to the kitchen, and did my work there. I put everything in order, and saw that the things were in their right places. Among other things, the knives, which I kept in the dresser drawer.'

"'Have you any reason for particularly mentioning the knives?'—'Yes, sir. Among them was a large knife with a horn handle, which I had recently sharpened. My work being finished, I went up to my bedroom, stopping on my way outside my master's door, and asking him whether he wanted anything. He answered no, and that I was to get to bed. It was his usual answer, and I obeyed him; there was nothing to excite my suspicions. At a little after eleven I was in bed and asleep. I slept for a little over two hours, and then I awoke. Sounds in the lower part of the house had roused me. I listened, and heard some one moving about. Lighting a candle, I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes past one. I was not easy in my mind, and I went down-stairs. I listened a moment at my master's door, but all was still in the room. There was a light there, however, and I knocked softly. I got no answer, and I gently tried the handle; the door was unlocked, and I took a step into the room. There was no one there but my master, and he was asleep in his chair. He sometimes slept so for a few hours; he suffered greatly from gout and rheumatism, and he has said to me that he felt easier in that position than in bed. I closed the door quietly and went down to the kitchen, and there, to my astonishment, I saw Miss Farebrother. She had a knife in her hand, the knife with a horn handle, and she put it hastily on the table as I entered. The drawer in which I kept my knives was open; when I went to bed I left it closed. Miss Farebrother was very angry at my making my appearance, and she asked me how I dared to play the spy upon her. I told her that I was not playing the spy, and that I had been disturbed in my sleep by a noise in the house, and I came down to see what it was. I said something, too, about how astonishing it was that she should come home at such an hour, and she replied that it was no business of mine, and that I was to go to my room at once, or she would have me bundled out of the house the first thing in the morning. It was no use answering her; she was my mistress, and I had to obey her; so I went up to my room again. I can't exactly say how long it was afterward, but it could not have been very long—perhaps half an hour or three-quarters, bringing the time to past two o'clock—that I heard the voices of my master and his daughter outside the house. Whether she had gone up to him and woke him, or whether he had gone out, as he sometimes did in the middle of the night, I don't know, but at the time I heard them they were in the grounds. They both seemed to be very angry. Miss Farebrother, as well as I could make out, was insisting that her father should give her a sum of money, and she was using threats toward him. Presently he spoke in a more gentle tone to her, and I heard him say, "Wait till I am dead and it will all be yours, if you will come back and behave as a dutiful and affectionate daughter to me." And I heard her answer: "I will do as I please and go where I please. You ought to have been dead long ago. You had better be careful." After that the voices grew fainter and fainter, as if they were moving away.'

"The Coroner: 'Hearing what you did, why did you not go down to them?'—'I did not like to; and to tell the truth, it would have been as much as my situation was worth to interfere. They had often quarrelled like that, though not in the exact words I heard then; and twice, some time ago, when I did interfere, I was sent away, and told not to mix myself up with family quarrels.'

"'Who used those words to you?'—'Principally Miss Farebrother; but my master also said, very sorrowfully, that I had better never trouble myself, and that my interference would only make things worse.'

"'Had they ever quarrelled in the middle of the night before?'—'Yes; and she was continually threatening him, so that there was nothing very unusual in this quarrel, although it was as bad as any that ever reached my ears.'

"'When you could no longer hear them, did you fall asleep?'—'Not immediately; perhaps not for half an hour; I can't be sure.'

"'Did you hear them return to the house?'—'I heard nothing more of them.'

"'Well, then, you fell asleep. At what hour in the morning did you awake?'—'At a little before seven—my usual time. By seven o'clock I was in the kitchen, going on with my work.'

"'Did you observe anything particular in the kitchen?'—'Nothing particular. Things were pretty much as I had left them on the night before.'

"'The drawer in which you kept your knives—was it closed?'—'Yes, it was closed.'

"'The knife with the horn handle—where was that?'—'I did not know. I had no occasion to use it, and I did not look for it.'

"'At what time in the morning did the deceased usually ring his bell for you?'—'At nine o'clock or thereabouts; but there were exceptions, and when nine o'clock passed and I was not summoned, I did not attach any importance to it.'

"'You supposed Miss Farebrother to be in the house?'—'Oh yes; but I did not expect to hear her bell for a long time. She generally slept till ten or eleven o'clock. I waited till half past ten, and then, being uneasy at not hearing my master's bell, I went to his room, and as there was no answer to my knock, I opened the door. My master was not there, and the bed had not been slept in. Then I went to Miss Farebrother's room, and she was not there, and she had not slept in her bed. I became frightened, and I thought I would look about the grounds. It was then that I discovered my master lying dead, with blood upon him, and the knife with the horn handle lying near him, with clotted blood on it. I flew to the village for assistance, and some people came back with me, and said that my master had been murdered.'

"'How far from the house is the spot upon which you discovered the body of the deceased?'—'I cannot say. Perhaps a quarter of a mile.'

"'Could you, being in the house, have heard any sounds proceeding from that spot?'—'It would be almost, if not quite, impossible.'

"'So that if there had been any cries for help, they would not have reached your ears?'—'No, they could not.'

"'Now did you observe anything particular about Miss Farebrother's dress when you found her in the kitchen so late at night?'—'She was dressed as she usually was.'

"'Fully dressed?'—'Yes.'

"'Did she wear a hat?'—'Yes.'

"'With a veil to it?'—'Yes, there was a veil to it.'

"'Would you be able to recognize the veil?'—'Yes.'

"'Is this it?' (Veil produced.)—'Yes, this is it.'

"'Did she wear any ornaments?'—'I noticed only one, and I should not have noticed that if I had not presented it to her as a birthday gift.'

"'What was the ornament?'—'A brooch.'

"'Can you identify it?'—'Oh yes; it is a very particular brooch. My mother had it before me.'

"'Is this it?'—'Yes, this is it.'

"'That is all I have to ask you.'—'Thank you, sir.'

"Mr. Cornwall: 'A moment, please.'

"The Coroner: 'You understand, Mr. Cornwall, that I shall check you if you ask any questions irrelevant to this inquiry?'

"Mr. Cornwall: 'I quite understand it, sir.' To witness: 'Are you positive that your memory is faithful upon all the events you have described?'—'I am very positive, sir.'

"'As to what took place between you and Miss Farebrother in the kitchen?'—'Everything is as I had described.'

"'The conversation between you?'—'Yes, sir.'

"'And the knife with the horn handle?'—'It is as I have said, sir.'

"'You swear that Miss Farebrother frequently threatened her father?'—'Frequently, sir, I am sorry to say.'

"'Did you ever mention this continual disagreement to any person?'—'No, sir, except to my son. I have no acquaintances.'

"'Not one?'—'Not one.'

"The Coroner: 'In this place, Mr. Cornwall, these questions do not appear to me to be pertinent. Some are repetitions of questions already asked and answered, others do not affect the particular inquiry upon which we are engaged.'

"Mr. Cornwall: 'I am sorry to hear that expression of opinion from you, for there is to me, and doubtless to others, something like a direct accusation in the witness's evidence.'

"Witness (in a quiet tone): 'I do not accuse any one. I am speaking the truth.'

"Mr. Cornwall: 'Then it is the truth, and you swear it, that when you last saw Miss Farebrother she wore the brooch which you gave her as a birthday gift?'—'It is the truth, and I swear it.'

"'Can you describe the man who visited the deceased on the night of his death?'—'I can, sir.'

"The Coroner: 'It is a proper question, and it should have been asked. I should doubtless have recalled the witness to answer it.'

"Witness: 'He is a man not much taller than I am. I am above the usual height of a woman. His face is dark; he has a large mouth and a small nose; his eyes are blue.'

"'How dressed?'—'In a dark tweed suit.'

"'Wearing any jewelry?'—'A silver chain and a large diamond ring.'

"'They scarcely match. A man who can afford to wear a large diamond would be likely to wear a gold chain.'—'I don't know about that. The diamond may not be genuine.'

"'About what age would you suppose?'—'About forty.'

"The next witness called was Dr. Playfellow. He deposed that the deceased had met his death by violence. It was caused by the wound in his breast, inflicted by precisely such a weapon as the knife with the horn handle. Asked whether the deceased might not have stabbed himself, Dr. Playfellow said that from the direction of the wound and the position in which the body was found, it was impossible that death could have been inflicted by his own hands.

"Jeremiah Pamflett was next examined. He is the son of the murdered man's house-keeper, and he testified that he had been in the employment of the deceased since he was a lad, and that he had risen from the position of a petty clerk to that of sole manager of Miser Farebrother's business. Between him and his master the most perfect harmony existed; they had never had a word of difference, and his master reposed complete confidence in him. On the afternoon before his master's death he went to Parksides to submit certain accounts to Miser Farebrother, anticipating the telegram which was sent to him requesting him to come. The deceased expressed great satisfaction at his attention to the business, and in the course of the interview informed the witness that it was his intention to admit him as a partner. He, the witness, left Parksides in a very happy frame of mind at this promised reward of his long and faithful service. Miser Farebrother was a kind and liberal master; the witness declared he could not desire a better.

"A Juryman: 'You say he was a kind master. Was he in other respects a kind man?'—'Very kind and considerate; he deserved greater happiness than he enjoyed.'

"Being asked to explain the meaning of this statement, the witness exhibited a reluctance to reply, and said he was sorry he had let the words slip. He was, however, pressed to explain, and he then said that the deceased was made very unhappy by the want of affection shown to him by his daughter.

"The Juryman: 'Was he kind to his daughter?'—'Very kind.'

"'Was there any disagreement between them?'—'There was continual disagreement; but it was not my master's fault. He did all he could to please her.'

"'Do you know the cause of this disagreement?'—'It was partly about money.'

"'That she asked for, and that he would not give?'—'Yes.'

"'But you said he was very kind to her. The deceased was a man of means. Why should he refuse to give his daughter money?'—'From what my master said to me at different times, it was because she demanded sums of money for purposes of which he did not approve. He was exceedingly liberal to her where she herself was concerned; but he objected to his money being given to persons who hated him.'

"'To what persons do you refer?'—'To her relatives in London—the only relatives she has.'

"'What is the name of these relatives?'—'Lethbridge. They live in Camden Town.'

"'And Miss Farebrother wanted money for them?'—'According to what my master said, she was always wanting money for them.'

"'Was she in the habit of visiting them?'—'Continually.'

"'With the consent of the deceased?'—'Against his consent. He frequently remonstrated with her for paying long visits to persons who bore him such ill-will.'

"'In spite of these remonstrances she continued to visit them?'—'Yes.'

"'Mention has been made of a man who was in the habit of visiting the deceased in his home at Parksides late at night. Do you know anything of him?'—'Nothing, except what my mother has told me and has told you.'

"'Did he not visit the office in London?'—'No. I never saw him.'

"'Did no conversation ever pass between you and the deceased respecting him?'—'None.'

"'Then you do not know upon what business he came?'—'No; but it could not have been upon the affairs of the London business, or I should have heard it.'

"The only questions put to this witness by Mr. Cornwall were these:

"'By what train did you leave for London on the occasion of your last visit to the deceased?'—'By the 8.12.'

"'Did you go direct to the office when you reached London?'—'Yes.'

"'At what time did you arrive at the office?'—'At about ten o'clock.'

"'You sleep there?'—'Yes.'

"The next witness called was Mrs. Lethbridge, whose evidence was to the following effect:

"'You are a relative of the deceased?'—'I am his sister-in-law.'

"'Were you upon friendly terms with him?'—'No.'

"'Nor any of your family?'—'No. But we are not to blame for that.'

"'Was his daughter in the habit of visiting your house?'—'Yes.'

"'Frequently?'—'Frequently.'

"'And of remaining there for any length of time?'—'Yes; generally for three or four days.'

"'Your intimacy with her, then, was of a thoroughly friendly nature?'—'Of a most affectionate nature. I love her as a child of my own.'

"'Was that the sentiment of all your family?'—'Yes.'

"'Were Miss Farebrother's visits to your house paid with the consent of the deceased?'—'Yes.'

"'Did you learn this from him?'—'No. We very seldom saw him.'

"'In point of fact, how many times have you or any of your family seen him, say within these eight or nine years?'—'Only twice.'

"'Where? At your house in London?'—'No; at his house in Parksides.'

"'At his invitation?'—'No. The first time we were asked by his daughter. It was her birthday. But we understood that our visit would be agreeable to him.'

"'You understood. From whom?'—'From my niece.'

"'On that occasion how long were you at Parksides?'—'For five or six hours.'

"'Did you and your family partake of any meal there?'—'We had tea.'

"'Was the deceased present at the table?'—'No; he sent word that he was not well enough to join us.'

"'Was your second visit paid upon his invitation?'—'No; we went of our own accord.'

"'Who went?'—'I, my niece, and Mr. Cornwall.'

"'Is Mr. Cornwall the gentleman who represents Miss Farebrother at this inquest?'—'Yes.'

"'Why did he accompany you?'—'Must I answer?'

"'It is at your own discretion. I cannot compel you.'

"Mr. Cornwall: 'Answer the question, Mrs. Lethbridge.'

"Witness: 'Mr. Cornwall had proposed to my niece, and he accompanied us for the purpose of asking Mr. Farebrother's consent to the engagement.'

"'Was that consent given?'—'No.'

"'Did the deceased turn you and Mr. Cornwall from his house?'—'Yes.'

"'In the question I am about to ask you I will not confine myself to the last eight or nine years. I will go as far back as the birth of the deceased's daughter, who is now of a marriageable age. During this long period did the deceased ever visit your house?'—'No.'

"'Not once?'—'Not once.'

"'Did he correspond with you, or you with him?'—'No.'

"'Not a letter, then, passed between you?'—'Not a letter.'

"'Nor a direct communication of any kind? You hesitate!'—'I was considering. There was one letter.'

"'Written and sent by you or the deceased?'—'By Mr. Farebrother. It was a great many years ago. My niece then was scarcely two years of age, and her poor mother was dying. She wished to see me before she died, and it was at her direction that her husband wrote to me.'

"'It appears that even previous to that time you were not upon friendly terms with him?'—'It was so, unhappily.'

"'Did you comply with the request contained in that letter?'—'Yes; and I saw my sister. I was with her when she died, and I promised to look after her child and to love her as my own.'

"'I wish you to understand that it is entirely at your discretion whether you reply to certain of my questions. On that visit, so long ago, did you gather the impression that the deceased was glad to see you—that you were, in fact, welcome in his house?'—'I must speak the truth. He was not glad to see me; I was not welcome.'

"'We can, therefore, arrive but at one conclusion—that there existed an absolute and distinct antipathy on one side or both. I come now to the night upon which the deceased met his death. Your niece was living with you then?'—'Yes.'

"'I will not inquire into the circumstances of her taking up her residence with you when her father's home was open to her.'—'It was not open to her.'

"'You say that? Not under any conditions? Had he positively refused ever to receive her again as a daughter?'—'Unless under conditions which were repugnant to her.'

"'Then her father's home *was* open to her if she were prepared to behave dutifully, and to obey him?'—'I cannot deny that; but, as I have said, his conditions were repugnant to her.'

"'Into those domestic matters it is not our business to inquire. A few hours before her father was murdered she left your house?'—'She did.'

"'With your knowledge?'—'Without my knowledge.'

"'How did you become acquainted with her movements?'—'She met our servant, and desired her to give us a message that she was going to Parksides to see her father.'

"'It was a strange hour for her to leave. Did she return to your house on that night?'—'No.'

"'The next morning?'—'Yes.'

"'At what time?'—'At about ten o'clock.'

"'Did she give you any explanation of her movements?'—'She could not do so. She was in a state of exhaustion and was very ill.'

"'What was the nature of her illness?'—'She was delirious.'

"'We have a certificate that she has brain-fever.'—'It is true.'

"'Do you recognize this veil?' (Veil produced.)—'It is one my niece wore.'

"'On that night?'—'I cannot positively say, but it is hers.'

"'Do you recognize this brooch?'—'I have seen it, but I do not think it has been in her possession for some weeks.'

"'Can you swear to that?'—'No, I cannot swear to it.'

"'When she returned home did it strike you that she must have experienced some excitement?'—'Yes.'

"'Some very strong excitement?'—'Yes.'

"'And she gave you no explanation of it?'—'She could not, because of her condition.'

"Mr. Cornwall asked no questions of this witness, who several times in the course of examination was much agitated.

"Witnesses were called who proved that the veil and the brooch were found near the body of the murdered man.

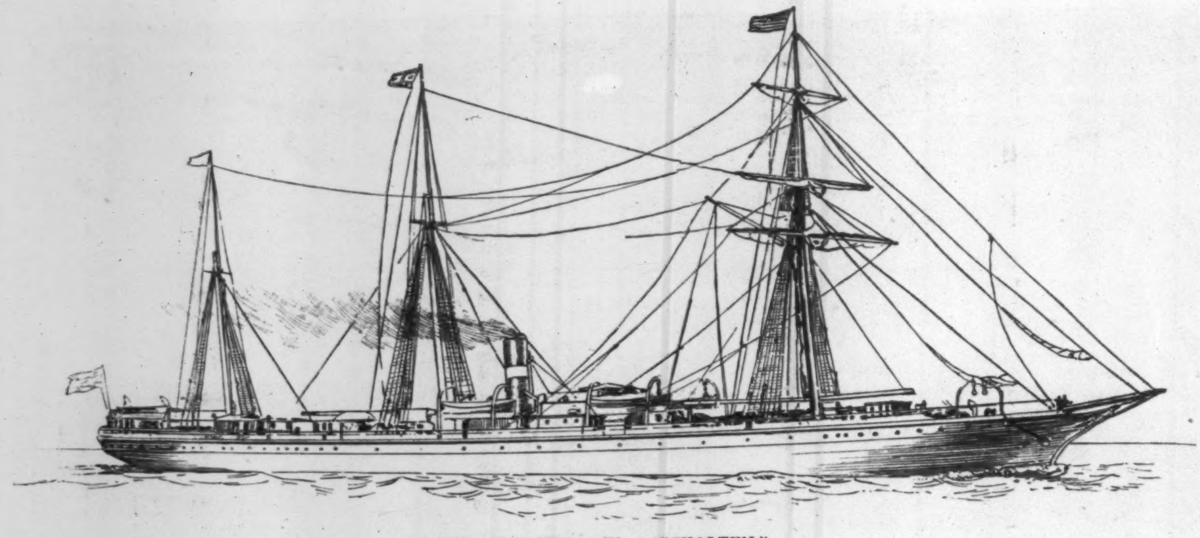
"The coroner having addressed the jury, they considered their verdict, which was that Miser Farebrother had been murdered by some person or persons unknown.

"We understand that a warrant has been issued for the arrest of Phœbe Farebrother, on the charge of murdering her father, Miser Farebrother."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCENE FROM SECOND ACT OF WAGNER'S OPERA OF "SIEGFRIED" AS PRESENT

D AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.—Drawn by Barnard and Graham.—[See Page 883.]



THE STEAMER "W. A. SCHOLTEN."

SINKING OF THE "SCHOLTEN."

On the Saturday before Thanksgiving the stanch Dutch steamer *W. A. Scholten* left Rotterdam for New York. Only a few months previously she had been inspected by English and French underwriters, and she had passed the United States Treasury examination also. She had more bulkheads than the law requires, and she carried more than the legal supply of life-boats. The vessel alone was worth over a quarter of a million, and she carried nearly a round million's worth of tobacco, gin, dry-goods, Dutch table delicacies, and so on. There were on board 214 persons. All was in the care of Captain J. H. Taat, who had served the owners of the vessel well for fifteen years.

Nothing unusual happened until after bedtime, when nearly all had retired to their berths. The *Scholten* was then in the English Channel, in twenty fathoms of water, and in view of the Dover pier, which was distant some four or five miles. There was a shifting fog, and signals were exchanged with a steamer, then unknown, but which was afterward learned to be the *Rosa Mary*, coal-laden, and bound for St.-Nazaire. Both captains supposed the vessels would pass clear, when suddenly there was a shifting of red and green lights, and the boats crashed together. The *Rosa Mary* struck the *Scholten* in the fore-rigging on the port bow, and when she rebounded, with the water pouring into her own gaping stern plates, she left a hole eight feet wide, and extending below the water-line, through which the ocean poured into the *Scholten's* coal-bunkers, and thence into the engine-room.

With such a vital wound, the sinking of the *Scholten* could only be a matter of a very few minutes. With that knowledge, men, women, and children struggled for their lives as to each seemed best. Some fought around the boats, of which only two could be floated, two being crushed, and the rest useless from the listing of the steamer. Some helped others to life-preservers, and some snatched them away from weaker shipmates. Men shouted and ran about distracted, women dropped to the decks moaning and praying, and children clung crying to their parents. It was soon over. In twenty minutes the *Scholten* sank with 125 persons, her decks bursting as she disappeared. A few prolonged their agony by floating about, shrieking in the freezing darkness, but, when morning came, of the 214 there were only 102 alive. Many of them owe their rescue to the good captain of the *Ebro*, who nobly threw overboard his deck-load of timber to save lives when the *Scholten's* signals summoned him to the rescue.

Simply to read through the list of the lost is pitiful beyond expression. Time and again recur words marking the extinction of entire families. In one case John Frost, a laborer living at Syracuse, New York, had put his hard savings into tickets to bring back to him his wife and eight children. Every one perished. In another case a poor man who had fallen heir to a fortune in Holland was bringing it back with him. Instead of making one at a merry wedding, the news of his shocking death scattered the guests who had already begun to assemble. Among the corpses picked up was a mother with two babies frozen to her bosom. And so the dreadful story goes. No intelligence yet telegraphed makes it possible to say exactly how the disaster happened, or who is responsible for it. The *Rosa Mary's* officers protest that she was anchored, and showed proper lights. They say the *Scholten* meant to cross the *Rosa Mary's* bows, but misjudged the swift tide, which threw her out of her intended course. The *Scholten's* officers say it was impossible that an anchored vessel should strike such a blow so nearly in their 'midships. They declare the *Rosa Mary*, although showing only anchor lights, was in fact steaming ahead. A third version, more difficult to credit, is that the *Scholten* did not collide with the *Rosa Mary* at all, but with an unknown vessel, which also sank on the spot, like the mysterious craft which rammed the *Oregon*. Only the official inquiry can settle whether this dreadful accident is a mystery, a blunder, or a crime.

INTERRUPTED RESOLUTION.

"So you see that 'interrupted resolution' is simply an unexpected turn of affairs."

Percy Blake was musical instructor in the Hillside Seminary, and he stood up before a class of ten young ladies to whom he was unfolding the mysteries of harmony and composition. He brushed the chalk from his fingers, and continued:

"After hearing the dominant seventh chord, which is the point of unrest, a feeling of expectancy is excited in the musically sensitive ear, and there is an imperative demand for the tonic chord, which alone can constitute a point of repose. No other progression leaves a sense of completeness; and even the uncultivated ear can accept nothing else as a finality.

"I will illustrate on the piano. Now listen: here is the dominant, and you expect next to hear the tonic; but I substitute a different chord, and its effect is disappointing. You feel that the expected termination is delayed, and that to stop here would be impossible.

"This is what constitutes 'interrupted resolution.' Its employment is a fruitful source of variety in musical compositions. Used with judgment and art, it may lead to effects which tantalize or excite the listener. These effects may be likened unto threading one's way through the mazes of a labyrinth, or branching off from a pleasant country road into a by-path, or a sudden change of purpose when a certain end is apparently in view, or the losing of one's way in a forest. Interrupted resolution may be compared with the spice of life, imparting novelty to humdrum experience. It is a departure from hackneyed ways, arousing curiosity, expectation, wonder. The composer makes you speculate as to what new developments may turn up. He opens new visions of beauty, and occasionally gives the impression of letting his thoughts run wild.

"Yet there is method in all that he does. His path is marked out, and he knows his course. He is like a novelist who works on the sympathy of his readers by raising up obstacles between the lovers, though he is sure to unite them finally."

"Is he?" This question came in a low chirp from a pair of pouting lips, from above which two round eyes looked in mischievous inquiry at Percy Blake. The questioner blushed forthwith, for the chirp had been a little louder than was intended. Mr. Blake heard it, and his glance quickly darted in the direction from which it had come. The whole class tittered, and Mr. Blake himself was somewhat confused. But he recovered his self-possession instantly and replied:

"Certainly he is, Miss Boyce; that is, if he understands the tastes of his young lady readers."

"Oh!" came from several voices, in mock disdain, and there was a small gust of breezy laughter.

But Percy Blake tapped on the table to secure attention, and began to give a black-board lesson, frequently illustrating it on the grand-piano. He then gave the girls an exercise to write, and concluded by putting a little part-song on the black-board and making them sing it. Then a bell rang, and Professor Blake said:

"Well, try and remember the rules of the new progression. Don't make consecutive fifths, and bring your exercises written neatly. Come to me if you stumble on any knotty points. Dismissed."

He turned to the piano as the girls filed out of the room, and awaited the coming of a dull pupil who could not remember the thumb letters in the scale of C.

Percy Blake's boarding-house was in a quiet part of the village. After taking tea that evening he went to his room, and tilted back in an easy-chair, indulged in a reverie. That valuable aid to meditation, a cigar, was between his fingers, and occasional puffs of smoke were projected toward the ceiling. In these curling wreaths of blue he seemed to seek counsel, studying with great intentness their varying and fantastic shapes. At length, with a gesture of impatience as if at his own irresolution, he abruptly rose, put on his hat, and quitted the house. A brisk walk soon took him to the Hillside Seminary, and into a reception-room of that institution he quickly proceeded, having first sent his card to Miss Mildred Boyce. This young lady soon appeared. She was the pupil who had put the question to him, following his disquisition on "interrupted resolution." She was the daughter of the principal of the seminary, and inherited much of a certain outflow of energy which characterized her father. She was the life of the school and the inventive spirit in all entertainments. She was a little older than the other girls, and studied only music and painting. Of course her social privileges exceeded those of the regular pupils.

"Good-evening, Mr. Boyce; I am so glad to see you!"

Mildred Boyce put out her hand to Percy Blake, and looked at him with a pair of eyes whose soft radiance was at all times dashed with a suspicious sparkle. His own eyes rested on hers with an expression not to be mistaken. His heart had surrendered itself long ago to her sweet face, of which fact Mildred was not entirely ignorant.

The two sat down together, and Percy Blake, with a look of determination that was almost stern, plunged headlong into the subject that was uppermost in his mind.

"Dear Mildred," he began, "since teaching in your father's school I have found something that makes life seem brighter than I ever thought it could be."

Mildred experienced a little inward trembling, and immediately divined what was coming.

"It is something," he continued, earnestly, "that has made me ambitious and anxious above all things to be worthy of a great blessing."

"Oh! I am sure you are both ambitious and worthy," she said, with a low, wavering cadence.

"But not alone in my art—" He hesitated.

"No?" Her elastic temperament was asserting itself, and her averted eyes, while showing no displeasure, began to flash forth enigmatic sparkles.

"No," he continued; "that is but a small thing. I am ambitious to be worthy of you, and I want you for mine through life."

He held her hand tightly, and waited with a wildly beating heart for a reply. It came in a moment. Moving suddenly from him, she arched her brows and exclaimed,

"Dear me, Mr. Blake, how extremely sudden, and how *perfectly absurd!*"

Her tone of voice was slightly elevated, with just a tinge of haughty reproach, and she had banished from her face every vestige of expression save that of polite surprise. He stared at her with dull wonder, and his exhilaration rapidly sank as if from a cruel blow.

"Well, Miss Boyce," he at length said, in a sad and mortified tone, "if the absurdity of what I have said impresses you so strongly—"

"Why, of course it does."

"Then there remains but one thing for me to do, and that is to very humbly ask your pardon. Good-night."

There was resentment as well as regret in his tone and manner as he rose and moved toward the door, leaving Mildred Boyce still seated.

"Oh, Professor Blake!"

"Well?" He halted and looked back.

"Won't you wait just a moment? I want you to show me something about that ugly 'interrupted resolution' lesson."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Boyce, but I tried to make the subject as clear as possible in class."

"Oh, but you told us to come to you if we stumbled on any knotty points."

"Very well," he replied, rather stiffly, "bring your music slate and pencil."

"Never mind them. Don't hold the door open. Sit down at the piano by me."

He obeyed these commands, with a dismal smile at her imperious tone.

"Now play the chords. There" (as she listened), "isn't that the place where the resolution is interrupted?"

"Yes."

"What a horrid place it would be to stop!—wouldn't it?"

"Certainly; we must progress something like this—"

"Wait! Don't play any more yet. What a delightful state of suspense!—don't you think so?"

"There is a feeling of dissatisfaction which—"

"Yes, I know; just like the affecting love story you were telling in the class."

"Love story!" in an indignant tone.

"Yes; when the novelist makes believe everything is coming out wrong, and then brings about a happy ending."

"Ah, I remember. I used it as an illustration."

"Well, now finish the lesson. Don't dwell on that disagreeable minor chord any longer."

Percy Blake humbly obeyed, and by a series of skilful changes arrived at a satisfactory ending on the tonic chord.

"There, that is better. It brings one to a sense of repose. I believe that is the proper term."

"Yes."

"How different music and novels are from real life!" said Mildred, with a low sigh.

"In what respect, Miss Boyce?"

She looked at him from under her lashes. "Why, the musician doesn't stop when disappointment comes in the shape of 'interrupted resolution,' and people in novels never give up when obstacles come before them."

"Well?" Percy Blake was evidently somewhat puzzled.

"But real people do."

"Do they?" in a listless tone.

"Of course they do. *You* do! You turn away from your purpose just as soon as the *least* thing happens."

Percy Blake gave a sudden start. An electric shock seemed to dart through his whole being, and a wild look of hope came into his face. Seizing both of Mildred's hands, he exclaimed: "Mildred, do not trifle with me. Are you sure you understand how much I love you? Will you give me the right to make it plain to you?"

"Ah," she murmured, "here is the point of unrest again! Let the answer be what you will."

The moist and lustrous eyes beamed on him, and the pouting lips were so tempting and convenient that he accepted the permission, and took his answer in a way that was altogether blissful.

And thus, with the aid of his beautiful pupil, did Percy Blake find a solution to the most interesting problem in interrupted resolution that he had ever encountered.

O. S. Adams.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN FRANCE.

The latest crisis in French politics apparently had its origin in the trial of General Caffarel and others on the charge of trafficking in decorations of the Legion of Honor. The trial was begun on November 7th before the Correctional Tribunal of the Seine. Soon after it was opened the French Chamber of Deputies appointed a Commission to inquire into the same scandal. On November 9th, before the Tribunal, testimony was forth-coming that two letters written by M. Wilson, son-in-law of President Grévy, and a member of the Chamber of Deputies, had been concocted with the intent to baffle investigation. They were dated and purported to have been written in May and June, 1884, but the maker of the paper on which they were written testified that the paper was not manufactured until October, 1885.

This and other testimony bearing upon these letters made a profound sensation. The public prosecutor announced that an inquiry would be instituted regarding them. The trial of General Caffarel was adjourned, although that of others connected with the scandal was continued. It was widely believed that General Caffarel was more sinned against than sinning, and the newspapers declared that at the worst he afforded only the rather ordinary case of a military man who had fallen into the hands of the note-brokers. Three of those associated in the scandal were found guilty. General D'Andlau was sentenced to prison for five years and to pay a fine of 3000 francs, and was deprived of all civil and political rights. Madame Ratazzi's sentence was thirteen months' imprisonment and a fine of 2000 francs. Madame Courteuil was sent to prison for two months. But General Caffarel, together with Madame Limouzin and Madame Lorenz, was released pending the government's inquiry into the allegations against M. Wilson.

The interest of Paris was immediately transferred to the new case. It was everywhere charged that the son-in-law of President Grévy had made away with letters which would have shown his complicity in the scandalous traffic, and had substituted others which were meaningless. Madame Limouzin herself, in whose house the letters had been seized by the Prefect of Police, declared that they were not the original letters which M. Wilson had written to her.

On the day after the testimony regarding the Wilson letters, what the French call a Presidential crisis seemed imminent. M. Wilson's wife is the only daughter of President Grévy, and she, her husband, and their children lived with M. Grévy in the Elysée. The aged President wished to keep them there, but the popular storm forced Wilson from that shelter. In one newspaper denunciation he was styled "the first son-in-law of the republic." Cassagnac called him "a defrauder of the treasury," "a swindler fishing in dirty waters," "a purveyor of decorations," and "a partner of tramps," and declared it would be lucky for the President who continued to protect the outlaw if he himself were not swept away before the cry of popular indignation.

Some of the charges brought against M. Wilson before the Commission of Inquiry were that he had procured a decoration for an agriculturist for 80,000 francs, that he had received 200,000 francs in return for a military contract, that 700,000 francs had been paid him for a contract for rugs, and that he had accepted 600,000 francs for assisting a lady to procure a divorce from her husband. These charges were flatly denied by the persons directly interested, but the Commission reported against M. Wilson, and the Chamber of Deputies demanded his prosecution by a vote of 527 to 3.

It was on November 18th that M. Wilson was forced to quit the Elysée. On the following day the storm turned from the obnoxious son-in-law, and was directed wholly upon the President himself. The streets were placarded with caricatures and lampoons. The police were kept busy with the crowds that hooted and sang satirical

songs in front of the Elysée. In the Chamber of Deputies the Ministry was beaten, and it immediately resigned. M. GRÉVY summoned one politician after another in the endeavor to persuade them to form a new cabinet, but none of them was willing to undertake the task. M. CLÉMENCEAU had an interview with the President which lasted for three hours. He urged M. GRÉVY to resign. The President said that he desired to retire to private life, but wished to quit the Elysée with honor. He spoke of M. WILSON as the victim of a political intrigue against himself. During several days great and direct pressure was brought to bear upon M. GRÉVY, and on November 23d he informed M. MARET, a radical member of the Chamber of Deputies for the Department of the Seine, that he had decided to resign. But he would first, he said, issue an address, in which he would disclaim responsibility for the condition of affairs, and declare that his retirement was forced by the impossibility of governing the country. On the following day M. RIBOT consented to form a cabinet. At his request the President consented to confer with his late Ministers in regard to the message of resignation, which, M. RIBOT submitted, would be a political act, requiring the approval of the Ministers. Accordingly M. ROUVIER and his colleagues were summoned, and it was understood that they would continue to act as the advisers of the retiring President until his resignation should take effect.

M. GRÉVY is reported to have suffered greatly in health by reason of the political troubles. He is in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was born at Mont-sous-Vaudrey, in the Jura. He received his education at the College of Poligny, studied law in Paris, and became an advocate. He participated in the July revolution of 1830, and afterward defended many radicals charged with offences against the government. As a member of the Constituent Assembly in 1848 he attracted attention by his able speeches. Upon the *coup d'état* of LOUIS NAPOLEON he withdrew from politics and practised law. He was President of the National Assembly from February, 1871, until April, 1873. He again became President of the National Assembly in February, 1876, and afterward was twice President of the new Chamber of Deputies. He was elected President of the French Republic on January 30, 1879, after the resignation of Marshal MACMAHON, for a term of seven years, and at its conclusion was re-elected for a like term. At the beginning of the recent agitation he protested that a President had the right to serve out the term for which he was elected, and that for him to resign because of the overthrow of his Ministry was to establish a pernicious precedent. For several days he was firm in his determination to remain, but the pressure brought to bear upon him was too great to be successfully resisted.

THE DESTRUCTION OF BARNUM'S WINTER-QUARTERS.

BARNUM'S "fifth big fire" is already a thing of the past, although the visitor to Bridgeport, that excellent specimen of a bustling, thriving New England town, may even at this comparatively late day light upon traces of the profound sensation the disastrous event created. When the writer, the other day, visited the scene of the great fire which destroyed the main building of the winter-quarters, with most of the animals and the extensive paraphernalia of the monster circus-menagerie, a company of men were engaged in burning up the remains of the victims—notably, elephants, lions, and horses—while here and there among the heaps of bones, charred timbers, and mangled carcasses the curiosity hunter was at work, and emissaries of Yale and Rochester college museums were arranging the removal of the skeletons they had secured.

A special theme for regretful expression among the employés was the loss of the splendid Numidian lion Nimrod, about which they all feel very sore. The story is, in its way, pathetic enough, and will bear repetition, subject to such corrections as the lapse of time has supplied. Nimrod, the lion in question, was a wonderful beast—a great tawny-colored animal of most amiable disposition, which hundreds and thousands of people throughout the United States have paid homage to as he rode in procession, not in an iron cage like his fellows, but proudly perched on the summit of the band wagon or some equally glittering chariot. This animal, long the favorite of his keeper, was a prisoner in the burning building. At the risk of his life BUCKLEY rushed into it just before the roof fell, unlocked the lion's cage, and called the great shaggy beast out. The lion followed him with the docility of a dog, and it was now that the gallant policemen whipped out their revolvers and commenced a fusillade, against which BUCKLEY in vain protested. How many shots took effect upon the poor animal was unknown, but, with a terrific roar, he leaped over the high fence surrounding the grounds and disappeared. The second act of this strange tragedy is filled by the somewhat comical adventure of Mrs. GILLIGAN, who, hearing an uproar in the shed which sheltered her cow and calf, immediately sallied forth to investigate, supposing the offender to be nothing more exigent than some stray dog looking out for a night's lodging. Seizing a bale-stick from a hay heap, she prodded the intruder with it. As he paid no attention to this, preoccupied as he was, doubtless, with the dainty heifer, she raised the stick and struck the animal a smart blow, whereupon he turned round with a characteristic growl which drove her to the house in alarm, shouting, "Oh, murther! it's a bear!" The outcry roused HENRY BREEN, a neighbor and a *Standard* compositor, who, taking a rifle, and climbing up the back of the cow-shed, which had no front wall, by a well-directed shot over the edge of the roof put a bullet through the lion's brain, and this was the end of Nimrod the Magnificent. The carcass, despoiled of its claws by relic-hunting boys, was viewed the next day by thousands of people, and then it was carried off to be added to the spoils of the Yale professors, who early put in a request for material for scientific purposes.

Other fruitful topics of conversation among the employés were the loss of Alice, Jumbo's widow; the perversity of the unchristened hippopotamus, which stuck to its natural element, until, as a keeper said, it was "ackelly boiled alive in its tank"; the unheard-of vitality of the rhinoceros, which had its house burned over its head, and yet escaped with life, and was then doing well, under the treatment of a specialist, whom the employés were jocularly urging to place the animal's photograph at the head of his circulars; the fatuous behavior of the white elephant, the greatest loss pecuniarily of all; and the story of the elephant Gracie, who wandered away across the strand at low-water as far as the light-house, and after exposure to the cold of a November day, fell benumbed into the returning tide, and thus perished. The one compensating fact to the showmen is the escape of Jumbo—or rather Jumbo's stuffed skin, for his skeleton is on exhibition in Philadelphia—which was safely wheeled away in time, out of the reach of danger, and now stands on the grounds keeping sentry over the gorgeously painted chariots saved from the conflagration.

None of the elephants which were led out of the burning building were injured, and these, to the number of twenty-six, will form a substantial nucleus for the future organization. These performing elephants have their uses other than spectacular. They act as locomotives in the winter-quarters, pushing the heavy cars with their heads along the numerous switch lines which thread the grounds everywhere. The winter-quarters occupy about ten acres of ground on the west side of the city, one side of the space enclosed by the buildings being protected by the New Haven Railroad, while another—the chief face of the establishment—was occupied by the burned main building and its adjuncts. The ground enclosed, several hundred yards in extent, was used for the practice of hippodrome races and other exercises, while at each end of the main building was a training barn or ring, one for elephants and the other for horses. To keep this establishment going entailed the employment of nearly eighty men during the winter. To fit out for the next season involved an expense, exclusive of living expenses, of over a quarter of a million; and when the vast concern took the road, the full strength of the human element in it amounted to 560 persons, every department completely officered, and thoroughly organized and equipped—a little force of all arms, in which the most rigid discipline was maintained, and which moved about the country with the regularity and expedition of an army corps. All this cohesion and completeness is for the time destroyed, but it is needless to say that our illustrious and irrepressible showman only considers this calamity as "a blessing in disguise"—a first-class advertisement to further the creation of a circus-menagerie that will eclipse all the previous efforts of the showman's genius. Even already his agents and telegrams are at work in every corner of the two hemispheres to provide the needed material. An establishment conducted on such a scale as that which bears the name of BARNUM can only be carried on successfully by those who combine a large amount of reserve capital with the requisite judgment, experience, and energy. A bad season or a disaster like the late fire is certain ruin to circus proprietors whose reserve capital is insufficient to enable them to hold their own against a year's losses, to maintain their stud and stock in idleness during the winter, and then to take the field with undiminished strength and untarnished splendor in the following spring.

GERMAN OPERA IN NEW YORK.

THE fourth season of German opera has opened with a repertory which must astonish that venerable champion of *Il Trovatore* and *Lucia*, Colonel Mapleson, who used to insist that "Wagner spells ruin." Of the twelve performances given during the first three weeks, no fewer than ten were devoted to Wagner, and Manager Stanton evidently would not play his trumps so early in the game, if he did not hold a handful of them. If they are produced in the incorrect and slipshod Maplesonian style, Wagner's operas cannot but ruin any manager; but if they are sung by such artists as Mr. Stanton has imported from Germany, they bring more money into the box office than the works of any other composer, as the experience of the last three seasons at the Metropolitan Opera-house has abundantly shown.

In justice to Mr. Mapleson it must be admitted that when he first entered on his managerial career in America he gave some excellent performances of the best Italian operas in the Academy of Music, because he had the proper artists for their interpretation. But subsequently he brought over inferior singers, and continued to give the same operas over and over again, in place of the novelties promised every year, until finally even his former friends and patrons became disgusted and deserted him. The only thing to keep him afloat during his last seasons was the patronage of the box-holders. But this very patronage was destined to be the rock on which Mr. Mapleson's enterprise finally went to pieces. Everybody knows how the Metropolitan Opera-house came to be built. It was projected by a number of the wealthiest families in New York, who, being unable to secure the best boxes in the Academy, made up their minds to build a new opera-house in which the first choice of boxes would be theirs. The stockholders of this enterprise had at first no intention of adopting German opera. Italian opera was given the first season, under the management of Mr. Abbey, who, however, lost such a fabulous sum that no manager could be found willing to risk another season of Italian opera.

Meanwhile the taste of the New York public had been educated to an appreciation of German music through the symphony concerts of Mr. Theodore Thomas and Dr. Damrosch. In their dilemma it occurred to one of the directors of the Metropolitan to consult Dr. Damrosch regarding the advisability of giving German opera. The doctor entered into the project with enthusiasm, hastened to Germany, and brought back a good company. The result was such as to astonish the greatest optimists. German opera proved an immediate success, and has been growing in popularity ever since. Under Mr. Stanton's judicious management the company has been strengthened every year, and it now includes artists like Lehmann, Brandt, Fischer, Niemann, and Alvary, whose services many foreign managers would be only too glad to secure if they could. But they cannot, for the same reason that Mr. Mapleson finally abandoned this country—because, as he said, he "could not compete with Wall Street."

Unfortunately German opera is such an expensive affair that New York alone has the privilege of enjoying it, until the millionaires of other cities begin to follow the example of Wall Street magnates in paying a large share of the expenses. For although the leading German singers are not so exorbitant in their demands as the Italian prime donne, the minor rôles are all filled by excellent artists, who claim good salaries, while the expenses for orchestra and scenery are very much greater than they are in Italian opera, in which the ensemble is generally shamefully neglected. But although these circumstances prevent the Metropolitan company from visiting other cities, special inducements will be offered to pilgrims to go to the mountain which would not come to them; for it is Mr. Stanton's intention to devote the last two weeks of the season to a sort of Wagner cyclus, including the three parts of the Nibelung Tetralogy, *Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Götterdämmerung*, omitting the prelude, *Rheingold*, which is to be reserved for next season. Vienna, Dresden, Munich, and other German cities arrange an occasional "Wagner cyclus" of this kind, and on such occasions special excursion tickets are sold in neighboring towns.

All lovers of music hope that the present happy marriage between Fashion and Music at the Metropolitan may never end in a divorce. But whatever the fate of German opera in New York may be, even if it should be temporarily neglected, three very important results will have been reached. In the first place, opera-goers have been taught that, after all, an actress singing "Home, Sweet Home," in the mad scene in *Lucia* is a ludicrous spectacle, and that the magnificent orchestral score, dramatic action, and realistic scenery of a modern German opera are more than a substitute for the bird-like warbling of an Italian prima donna, however pretty that may be in its way. Secondly, it has been shown that although German singers have not, as a rule, such mellow and flexible voices as Italians, they sing with more expression and dramatic power, pronounce their words more distinctly, and are better actors. Thirdly, the admirable performances of Wagner's later music dramas, given under Mr. Seidl's direction, have silenced the ignorant scoffers, and converted not a few of them into ardent admirers of the Bayreuth reformer.

Indeed, in no German city have Wagner's music dramas been received with more enthusiasm than in New York. And none of the seven Wagner operas previously sung have been accepted more favorably than the latest addition to the repertory, *Siegfried*, which had its first performance on November 9th, and a scene from which will be found on another page. Wagner abhorred the frequent changes of scene resorted to in some modern historic operas. He believed that an opera should have only three or four scenes, on which, however, the artist should bestow as much care as any landscape painter. Thanks to this principle, the scenes in his operas impress themselves indelibly on the mind, like the pictures of the great masters, and one cannot but accept the suggestion made by a distinguished German critic, that Wagner's pictorial sense appears to have furnished the first impulse for many of his scenes, to which the poetry and music were subsequently added. *Siegfried* has four scenes, each of which would, on this theory, suffice to account for the exquisite music and poetry Wagner has added to it. The first is in the dwarf Mime's cave-like smithy, where Siegfried forges the sword Nothung, with which at the end he cleaves the anvil in two. In the second act Siegfried reclines under the spreading branches of a large tree, listening to the bird voices, and subsequently slays the dragon, after a fierce contest. In the third he fearlessly ascends the fire-girded mountain on which the Valkyrie lies, and wakes her with a kiss from her twenty years' slumber.

Some disappointment was felt at first because Mr. Stanton did not assign the rôle of Siegfried to Herr Niemann, who, at the age of fifty-six, continues to be the greatest of all Wagnerian tenors. But as Herr Niemann had never sung this rôle abroad, it was natural that he should not be anxious to add this difficult part to his already very arduous tasks, so it was assigned to Herr Alvary, who has within the last three years developed into a tenor of the first rank. He looks the part of Siegfried every inch, sings it charmingly, and acts it with a naïveté becoming a forest-bred hero. With the exception of Herr Niemann and Herr Robinson, whose Wolfram will ever remain in the memory of New York opera-goers as a memorable achievement, the cast of *Siegfried* includes all the artists whose pictures are given elsewhere: Frl. Lilli Lehmann, great as Brünnhilde, inimitable as Isolde; Herr Fischer, the greatest living operatic bass; Frl. Brandt, the best Ortrud and Fides on the stage; Frau Krauss-Seidl, always a conscientious artist; and her husband, Herr Seidl, without whose inspiring guidance Wagner could never have won such immediate popularity in New York.

LOST IN THE NORTHER.

THERE are voices of pain
In the autumn rain;
There are pipings drear in the grassy waste;
There are lifting swells whose crests arise
Till they touch and blend with the leaden skies
Where massed clouds wildly haste.

I sit on my horse in boot and spur
As the night falls drear
On the lonely plain. Afar I hear
The cry of goose, and swift wings whir
Through the graying deeps of the upper air.
Like weary great birds the clouds sail low;
The wind now wails like a woman in woe,
Now mutters and growls like a lion in lair.

Lost on the prairie! All day alone,
Save my boyish pride, my swift Ladrone,
And the shapes on the shadow my startled brain cast.
Which way is north? which way is west?
I ask Ladrone, for he knows best,
And he turns his head to the blast.

He whinnies and turns at my voice's sound,
And then impatiently paws the ground.
The night's gray turns to a starless black,
And the drifting mizzle and skurrying rack
Have melted afar into rayless night.
The wind, like an actor childish with age,
Plays favorite characters—now sobs with rage,
Now flees like a child in fright.

I turn from the wind—a treacherous guide—
And touch my knee to the glossy side
Of my steaming horse, and the prairie wide
Slips by like the sea under bounding keel.
As I pat his neck, and feel the reel
Of his mighty chest and swift limbs' play,
The sorrowful wind-voice dies away.

The coyote starts from a shivering sleep
On the grassy edge of a gully deep,
And silently slips through the wind-bent weeds;
The prairie-hen from beneath our feet
Springs up in haste with swift wings' beat,
And into the dark like a bullet speeds.

Which way is east? which way is south?
Is not to be answered when dark as the mouth
Of a red-lipped wolf the night shuts down
(I look in vain for a star or light).
Ladrone speeds on with dull-thud flight,
His ears laid back in an anxious frown.

The long grass breaks on my horse's breast
As foam is dashed from the billow's crest
By a keen-prowed ship.
I see it not, but I hear the whip
On my stirrup shield, and feel the rush,
And spiteful lash of the hazel brush.

The night grows colder. The wind again—
Ah! what's that? I pull at the rein,
And turn my face to the blast.
'Twas snow on my cheek! Ay, thick and fast
The startled snows through the darkness leapt,
As, massed on the mighty North Wind's wing,
Like an air-borne army's rushing swing
The awful shadow upon me swept.
I bowed my head till the floating mane
Of my panting horse warmed cheek again,
And plunged straight into the night amain.

* * * * * * *

Day came, and found me slowly riding on,
With senses wrapped as in a chain,
Through drifting deeps of snow Ladrone,
Dumbly faithful, plodded on, the rein
Flung low upon his weary neck.
I long had ceased to fear, or reck
Of death by cold, or wolf, or snow,
Bent grimly on my saddle-bow.

My limbs were numb. I seemed to ride
Upon some viewless rushing tide.
My hands hung helpless at my side.
The multitudinous trampling snows,
With solemn, ceaseless, myriad din,
Swept round and over me. Far and wide
A *roaring silence* shut the senses in.
Above me, through the hurtling clouds,
The far sky, red with morning glows,
Looked down at times—and then was lost in shrouds.

But were my tongue with poet's spell
Aflame and free, I could not tell
The tale of biting hunger—cold—the hell
Of frenzied thoughts—that age-long night;
How life seemed only in my brain—the wind,
The foam-white breeze of wintry seas,
That roared in wrath from left to right,
Striking me helpless, deaf, and blind.

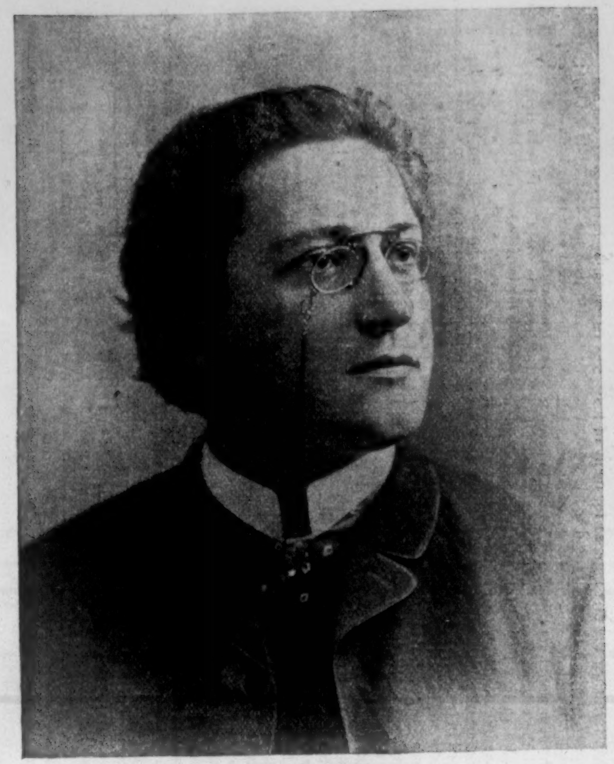
* * * * * * * *

The third morn broke upon my sight,
Streamed through the eastern window of the room
(In which I woke, I knew not how)—
Broke radiant in an awful bloom,
As though God smiled away the night.
Like an eternal changeless sea
Of burnished marble lay the plain,
In dazzling, moveless, soundless waste,
Horizon-girt without a stain!

The air was still. No breath of sound
Came from the vast expanse.
The whole earth seemed to wait in trance,
In hushed, expectant silence bound.
And, oh, the beauty of the ambient sky,
Where glowed the herald banners of the king!
And as I looked with famished eye,
Lo! day came on me with a spring.

Along the burnished billows of the snow
The sun shot golden glancing beams;
Like flaming arrows from the bow
They broke on every crest, and gleams
Of radiant fire alit on every spire
Along the great king's pathway as he came,
And cloudless, soft, serene as May,
Opened the jocund day.

HAMLIN GARLAND.


ANTON SEIDL.

AUGUSTE SEIDL-KRAUSS.

LILLI LEHMANN.

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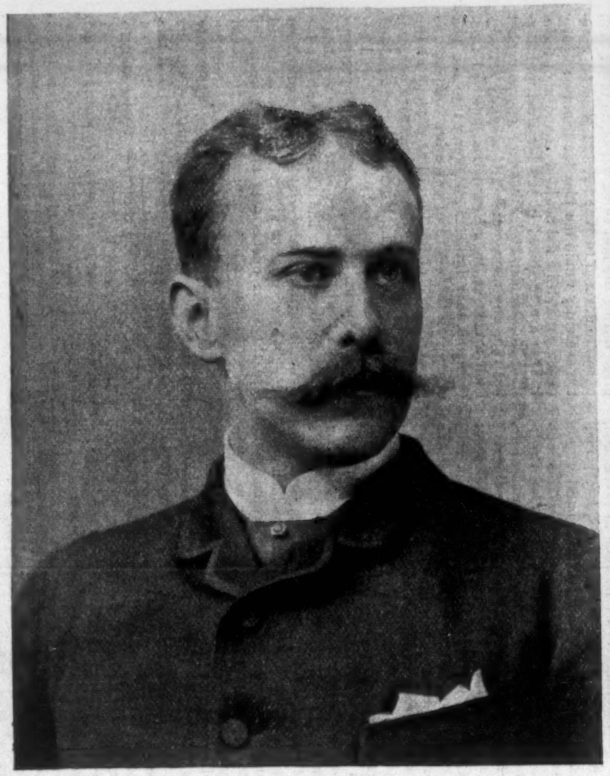
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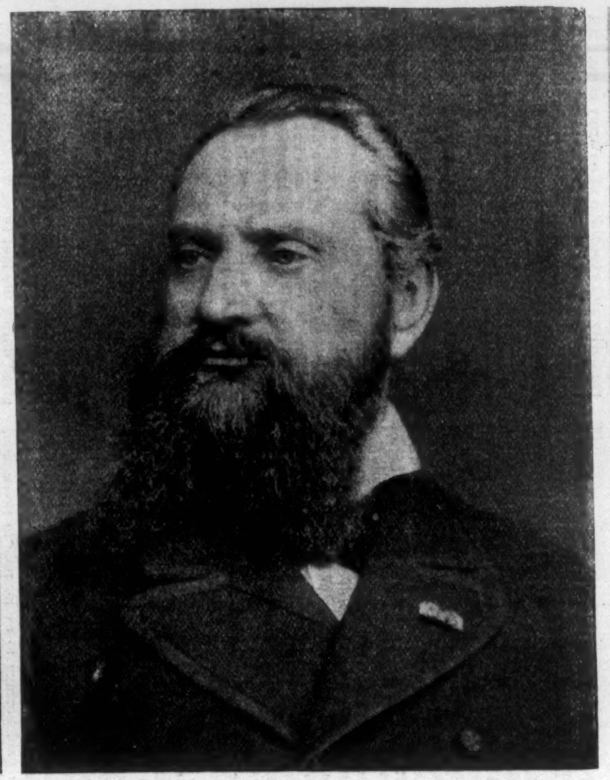
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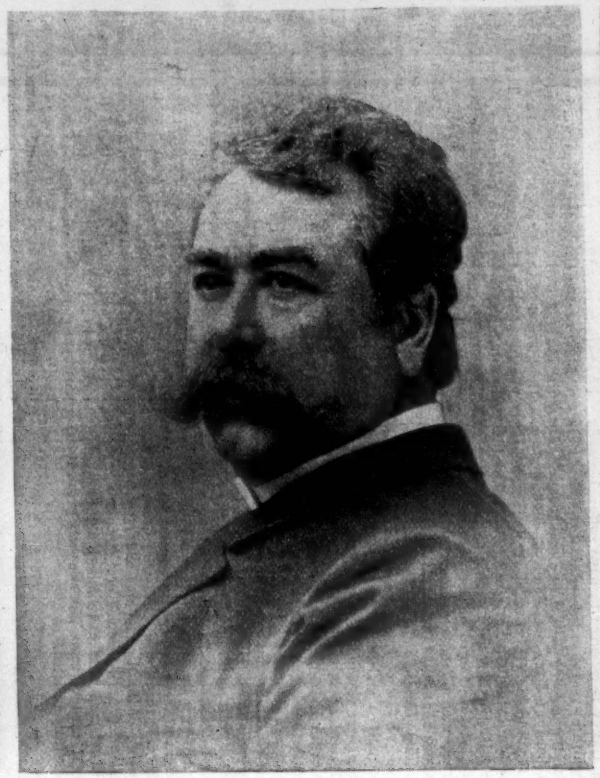
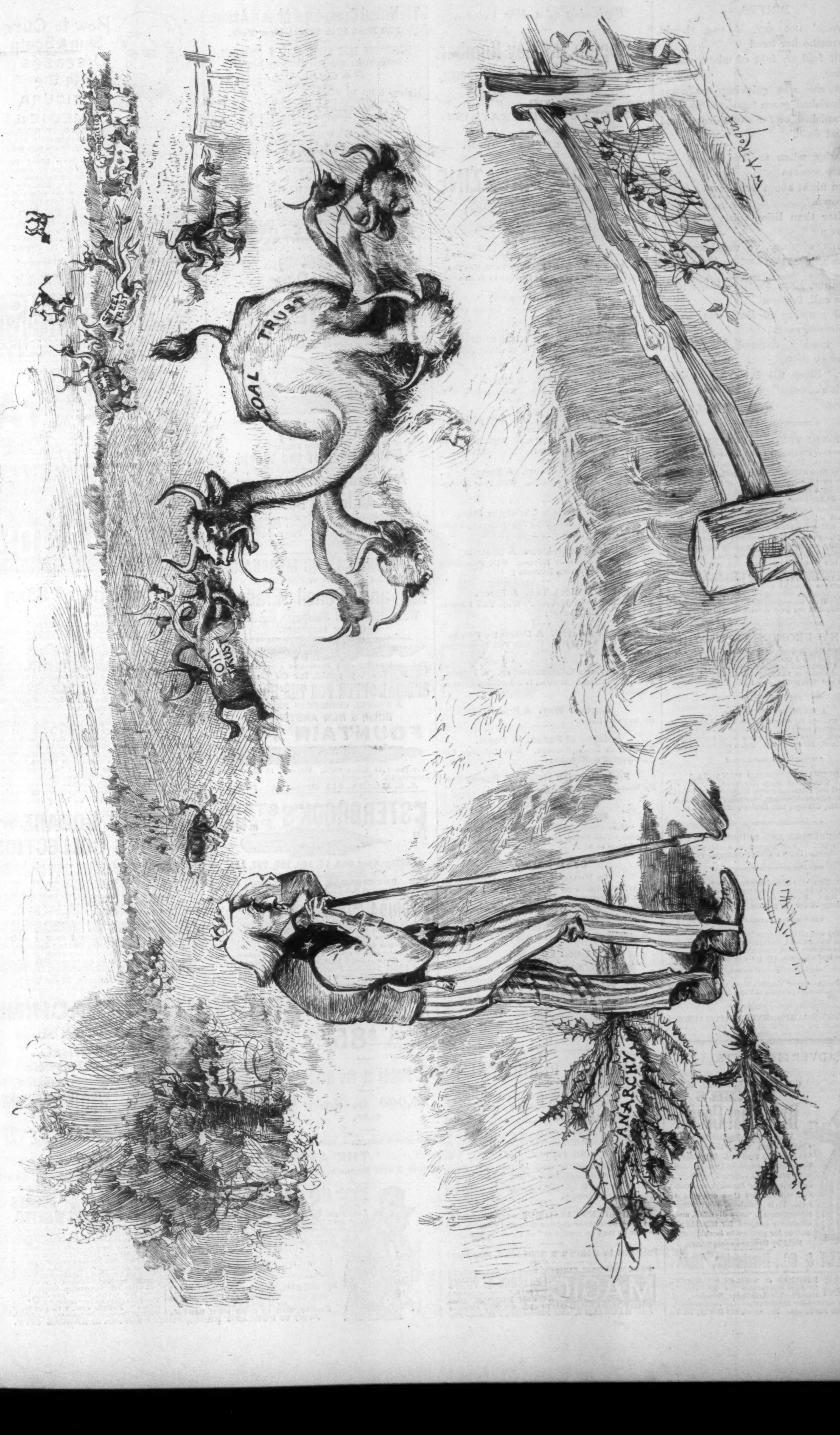

EMIL FISCHER.

ADOLF ROBINSON.

THE LEADING ARTISTS OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE COMPANY.—From Photographs.—[See Page 883.]



NOTHING BUT FEED AND FIGHT.

FARMER JONATHAN (*who has just been rooting out foreign thistles*). "I GUESS THIS NEW BREED OF CATTLE HAS GOT TO GO NEXT."—[SEE PAGE 874.]

DRIFTS.

Ye would not say, if one should
 wreathe her head
With fold on fold of misty, snowy
 lace,
That she was grieving for some
 cherished grace
Just vanished, or for some dear friend
 just dead.

Then why, when suddenly great Na-
 ture weaves
Some night about her brows a filmy
 crown,
Whiter than lilies, softer than the
 down
Of swans, why say, ye watchers, that
 she grieves?

Say, rather, Nature's thoughts, which
 we call flowers,
Tired growing of their own sweet
 fairness, swift
The mother covered them with
 downy drift,
Saying, "Sleep till I wake you with
 soft showers."

Lucy E. Tilley.

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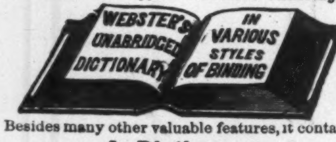

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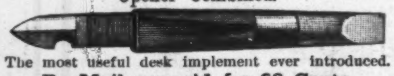

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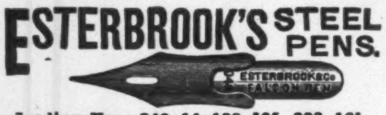

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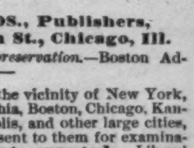

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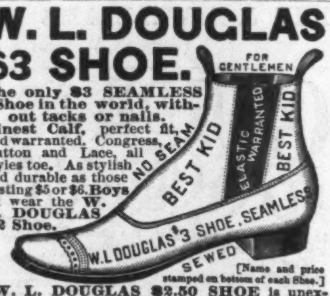

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HISTORY shows that the world's material progress depends upon the combination of opportunities offered and intelligence ready to perceive the opportunity at the auspicious moment. The opportunity may appear to present itself in advance of the conditions essential to success; but the man of destiny comes when the conditions are united, and by turning them to account marks another step in the progress of the race. The Isthmus of Suez seemed to present an opportunity for facilitating the movements of commerce many ages ago. Six hundred years before Christ the Egyptians cut a canal through it, which was available so long as ships were propelled by oars. But when oars were laid aside, the dangerous navigation of the Red Sea made the canal useless, and the sands of the desert soon choked it.

Ages went by, but it was not until steam became the chief means for navigating the seas that the great opportunity arrived for making the Isthmus of Suez a necessity to commerce. At the proper time the men and the means appeared, and the trade of the world went through a great revolution—a revolution so vast that the conduct of the canal forms a question which enters into and disturbs the councils of the nations. The preliminary surveys were careful and exhaustive, and as one result the length of the Suez Canal was reduced to eighty-eight geographical miles; of this portion twenty-two miles lie through a cluster of lakes, leaving sixty-six miles for actual excavation. Difficulties were naturally encountered, of which the chief were the withdrawal of native labor by the retirement of the Khedive from participation in the enterprise, and the difficulty of furnishing fresh water to the 30,000 laborers employed. But the engineering problems to be solved in opening communication between two seas of practically the same level were quite within the scope of modern science. The amount of the excavations reached the sum of eighty millions of cubic yards, and including the breakwater at Suez and the artificial harbor, Port Saïd, the sum total of expenses reached $100,000,000. Enlargements now in progress are intended to make the passage sufficient for steamers of the highest tonnage. The transit from sea to sea can be made in three days. Pecuniarily the Suez Canal has proved thoroughly successful.

The good results obtained at Suez naturally gave increased stimulus to a similar but more arduous undertaking which has been under consideration for several centuries. We refer, of course, to the opening of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans across Central America.

The shape of the long isthmus between Mexico and South America naturally suggested an interoceanic canal, in some part of the isthmus, almost at the very outset of the Spanish conquest. Exploration and investigation of the subject were so early and actively pursued that already in 1550 GALVAO, the Portuguese navigator, was able to present a work on this question pointing out four possible routes for a canal, of which two were those now actively pursued—those of Panama and Nicaragua. Aside from the fact that until this century the world's commerce was hardly equal to meeting the interest on the investment required for this gigantic enterprise, one of the chief difficulties to be encountered in piercing the isthmus lay in the very affluence of opportunities it seemed to offer. Each of the various possible routes seemed until recently to offer especial advantages, thus rendering it difficult to centre attention and capital on any one of them.

The general public is probably not fully aware of the numerous surveying and exploring expeditions which have been directed to a solution of this important question during the past ages, and of the number of routes which have been suggested or explored. During the last one hundred years the idea has been actively before the mind of the civilized world. After a period of comparative quiet the subject was revived by England in 1779, when Lord NELSON, then at the opening of his magnificent career, seized the mouth of the San Juan River, in Nicaragua, with a view to controlling the river and lake, which at that time, as now, offered the most feasible means for cutting a passage between the two oceans. NELSON had hardly gone when an exploring expedition arrived at the same locality, despatched by the government of Spain. It is significant that the first serious attempts in recent times to provide interoceanic communication should have been in Nicaragua, thus indicating that in the course of ages the public mind had arrived at a certain vague impression, that this is the spot nature has provided for the canal.

The Spanish population in America having succeeded in throwing off the yoke of Spain, they began to turn their attention to this subject, with a view to enlisting foreign capital in its aid, and thus, while offering a great opportunity to the development of the world's prosperity, to obtain for themselves some of the profits. Again it was the Nicaragua scheme that came to the front, the initiative being taken in 1823 by LACERDA, President of Nicaragua. He brought the question before the Legislature of that republic, and not long after, the United States government was approached with a view to lending its co-operation practically by means of a treaty "securing the possession of the canal to the two nations." Of course nothing came of this, as the concatenation of events that would force a slow, deliberate, and ponderous republic to act had not yet occurred. Without exactly formulating such an idea, our people preferred to wait, knowing that the question would "keep" until the action of foreign governments and capitalists might bring us to a realizing sense of the commercial and political possibilities of such a colossal enterprise.

In the following year, 1826, Mexico made a casual exploration of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, while in 1828 the republic of Granada permitted Messrs. LLOYD and FALCONER to make a survey, with a view both to a roadway and a canal at Panama. The results of this commission encouraged the King of the Netherlands to patronize a company for piercing the isthmus—a scheme which proved abortive, owing to political disturbances in Europe. Several other surveys occurred, but the most important phase of the question arrived when in 1844 LOUIS PHILIPPE authorized a survey of the Isthmus at Panama; in the same year Nicaragua granted a concession to a Belgian company, and this failing of results, an attempt was made to have Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, then a prisoner at Ham, liberated in order to accept a concession to carry out the Nicaragua plan. It is somewhat remarkable that the Suez Canal should have been executed when he was Emperor.

It is easy to explain the failure of all these attempts to open communication between the two oceans, on the ground that the propitious hour had not yet arrived. But at the same time it must be evident that all these surveys were essential as preliminaries to a satisfactory solution of a somewhat difficult problem. It is, however, a remarkable fact—a fact indicative as well of the practical side of our people—that the United States were the last to enter this field, although one would suppose their interests to have been at least on a par with those of England and France. It is true that our government commissioned Mr. CHARLES BIDDLE to obtain a concession from Colombia for a railway across the Isthmus of Panama, but the scheme failed of the approval of President JACKSON, which, under a President of his arbitrary disposition, was tantamount to defeat. It was not until the acquisition of California that our people became fairly aroused to the paramount interests we had in an interoceanic canal in Central America. The transcontinental railways were as yet enterprises of the dim future, and in any case could not entirely supersede the water communication on the highways that nature has provided. About the same time the evident aims of Great Britain to obtain a foothold in Central America that would infringe the Monroe Doctrine aroused suspicion and alarm. The latter phase of this question resulted in the famous Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, in which our statesmen, as it would appear, did not act with their accustomed firmness and astuteness, the consequences being that our government is still hampered by conditions that might at present make it difficult for such a canal to be constructed under its direction, and practically forcing the undertaking into private hands, so far as concerns a passage through Nicaragua. There are many, however, who have examined the subject, and who consider the treaty practically obsolete. As regards the former cause of the renewed interest exhibited in the subject on the part of the United States, it first showed itself by the obtaining of a fresh concession in 1849 from New Granada for an overland route by rail. Curiously the earliest survey undertaken by the United States for the railway was at the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, which can only be accounted for on the ground of its being more accessible to the United States, for the distance from ocean to ocean is there greater than the Panama route, which was eventually adopted.

The railway was completed in 1855; but it could only be a temporary expedient at best, to aid the movement of the pioneers who exploited the gold-fields of California; and the question of a canal was never lost sight of. The "HISE-SELVA" convention, a treaty concluded in 1849 between our Minister in Nicaragua and that government, but not ratified by the United States, immediately suggested a company styled the "American Atlantic and Pacific Ship-canal Company," including such shrewd capitalists as Commodore CORNELIUS VANDERBILT. They obtained a valuable concession, and despatched Colonel O. W. CHILDS with able collaborators to make a careful survey. This was accomplished in a painstaking and scientific manner, and the line leading from the mouth of the Rio Lajas to Brito on the Pacific was recommended. The report of Colonel CHILDS was carefully examined by able American and English authorities, and accepted as the proper route for such a canal. But before the requisite funds could be obtained the invasion of Nicaragua by the iniquitous expedition of General WALKER caused such suspicion that the government of that republic revoked its concession.

It is characteristic of the importance of this question, and the difficulty then existing as to the right spot on which to fix, that several other expeditions were undertaken at that time, efforts in that direction continuing until the opening of our civil war. It is not within our scope to give full details about these enterprises or to mention more than two or three. A wealthy New-Yorker, Mr. FREDERICK M. KELLEY, commissioned Colonel MORTIMER to explore the route suggested by HUMBOLDT. There was a preposterous legend that the aborigines had navigated their primitive craft from ocean to ocean by an artificial stream called the Raspadura Canal. Mr. KELLEY sent out no less than four expeditions, of which the expenses, to the amount of $125,000, were paid out of his own pocket. The results were to indicate the feasibility of a ship-canal up the Atrato and the Truando in Colombia, thence reaching the Pacific by a tunnel, 12,250 feet in length, through the mountains, the total route to be seventy-five miles long, and the estimated cost $135,000,000. Mr. KELLEY then caused surveys to be made by Colonel TOTTEN for a sea-level canal across the Isthmus of Panama, the result in this case being to point out emphatically at that time the very obstacles which, among other difficulties, threaten to swamp the canal now being excavated on that isthmus, viz., the Chagres River and the Culebra Mountain. A tide-level canal was therefore pronounced highly inexpedient. It is singular, to say the least, that M. DE LESSEPS and his company deliberately ignored the great experience of Mr. KELLEY when they were discussing the question of undertaking the canal.

One would suppose the explorations made thus far to have been sufficient to indicate the routes that could and could not be attempted with profit. And yet, besides the seven or eight attempts made to find a way in the direction of the Atrato River, Panama, Nicaragua, and Tehuantepec, still another exploration was undertaken by English contractors in 1852, at the instigation of Dr. CULLEN, who conceived the idea that a ship-canal could be profitably made between Caledonia Bay and the Gulf of San Miguel, east of Panama. The report of Mr. GISBORNE, their surveyor, induced the United States government to commission Lieutenant STRAIN, with twenty-seven men, to make a careful exploration of the new line suggested. The record of his expedition, of which the celebrated Major WINTHROP was a member, forms one of the most interesting and thrilling episodes in the annals of travel, and showed conclusively the utter impossibility of accepting the CULLEN scheme.

The government of the United States had now become fully aroused to the importance of a ship-canal between the two oceans, and of excluding European powers from its direction. Between 1870 and 1875 our government sent out nine well-equipped expeditions to Central America, some of which we shall hereinafter consider more fully; the consensus of opinion reached by our able and indefatigable explorers was in favor of the Nicaragua route.

During all this time the French, with the exception of the perfunctory survey by GARELLA, and an equally unreliable examination by M. DE PUYDT, both at the Isthmus of Darien, had done nothing toward this project, until MM. L. N. B. WYSE and RÉCLUS seriously entered on the purpose of obtaining a concession from Colombia in 1876. They fixed on the Panama route, making no explorations elsewhere, and only the most limited and insufficient surveys at Panama. Evidently their purpose was merely to obtain a concession which they could sell at a round profit. It is not our concern here to enter into a discussion of the merits of the Panama Canal, since M. DE LESSEPS and his company purchased the concession of MM. WYSE and RÉCLUS, and began operations on the isthmus. What they have done and propose to do is before the world.

As we have seen, since 1849 American efforts have been persistent and thorough to solve the problem of the isthmus; and frequent interchanges of ideas, treaties, and concessions between the governments and citizens whose interests are most deeply involved have kept the question alive, and brought it nearer and nearer to a satisfactory solution. The tendency of American exploration has been to point unmistakably to the route across Nicaragua as the one in which nature has kindly combined the most facilities for uniting the waters of the two oceans. We are not ignorant of the advantages claimed for the marine railway proposed by the late Captain EADS across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. As no such scheme has ever been put to a practical test—such trifling attempts as the transportation of small galleys across short distances by the aid of large armies in ancient times affording no criterion for the movement of ships weighing ten thousand tons a hundred miles—that stupendous scheme can neither be pronounced possible nor impossible, being still in a purely experimental stage. But even were the EADS ship-railway an inviting engineering problem, which ship-builders, ship-owners, and ship-captains and underwriters declare it is not, the fact that the working expenses of railways amount to from 50 per cent. to 100 per cent. of the gross receipts renders such a marine railway undesirable: the final test of such an undertaking being, "Does it pay?"

But of canals the world has had sufficient experience, and it is easily possible for intelligent engineers to arrive at approximate estimates on such a question, provided the preliminary surveys are as thorough and conscientious as those which have led up to the acceptance by the people of the United States of the route across the republic of Nicaragua.

The first thoroughly scientific and satisfactory survey of the Nicaragua route was made in 1872 and 1873 by Commander CHESTER HATFIELD and Commander E. P. LULL. They fixed on the line between Greytown, on the Caribbean Sea, *via* Lake Nicaragua, to Brito, on the Pacific. With some modifications, this has been substantially the route accepted by later surveys. Indeed, the Lake of Nicaragua offers such superlative advantages over every other route across Central America that every survey across Nicaragua naturally includes that as well as the deep waters of the San Juan River, the essential part of the question, so far as concerns the Nicaragua route, being as to the most available point for connecting the lake with the Pacific. This is rendered evident by the fact that Commander LULL was able to indicate no less than nine distinct routes by which this purpose could be effected, although his final preference was for the two lines *viâ* the Lajas and *viâ* the Rio del Medio.

After the United States government had completed this exhaustive series of explorations from Colombia to Mexico, President GRANT designated a commission to consider all these plans and present a report as to the one most to be commended for adoption. The gentlemen composing this commission were Commodore (now Admiral) DANIEL AMMEN, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation; C. P. PATTERSON, Esq., Superintendent of the Coast Survey; and Major-General A. A. HUMPHREYS, Chief of the United States Corps of Engineers. Here certainly was a board abundantly competent to render an authoritative opinion. Their report said in brief: "The route known as the Nicaragua route.... possesses, both for construction and maintenance of a canal, greater advantages, and offers fewer difficulties from engineering, commercial, or economical points of view, than any one of the other routes shown to be practicable."

In 1884 a treaty was concluded with Nicaragua, by virtue of which that government empowered the United States to build an interoceanic canal at such point in the territory of Nicaragua as might seem most expedient. For various reasons, but chiefly owing to possible complications arising out of the ambiguous Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, to which we have already alluded, the Senate declined to ratify this convention. But while it was yet under consideration President ARTHUR authorized a survey to make further rectifications in the route outlined by Commander LULL, which, in the words of Mr. CHANDLER, Secretary of the Navy, was "understood to be substantially that already selected."

The officer happily designated to perform this important duty was the well-known Civil Engineer Mr. A. G. MENOCAL, U.S.N., who had already made a survey for the canal in 1880. He promptly responded to the commands of the Department, and was accompanied by Mr. PEARY, Civil Engineer, U.S.N., and Ensign W. I. CHAMBERS, U.S.N. At a later date the party was re-enforced by the arrival of Passed Assistant Surgeon BRANDFORD, who was able to make careful observations of the climate. Proceeding by way of Panama, and entering Nicaragua at Corinto, on the Pacific side, the United States surveyors were hospitably received by President CARDENAS, who cordially placed every facility at their disposal for carrying out the objects of the expedition. Although a final survey is about to be made in order to assure the public of the thoroughness with which the routes have been examined, yet it is hardly likely that any except trifling variations from the reports of Commander LULL and Mr. MENOCAL will be reached. One of those two routes will be accepted as the one to be followed by the company of American capitalists which has been formed to bring this enterprise to a practical and speedy solution.

In the report submitted by Mr. MENOCAL in 1886, while following the main lines submitted by Commander LULL, he makes several modifications which seem to simplify the problem and add to its feasibility. In the first place, he settles the question, hitherto in doubt, as to the points between the Pacific and Lake Nicaragua by definitely locating the lake entrance of the canal at the mouth of the Rio Lajas; he reduces the distance from 180.76 miles to 169.8 miles, and the length of the actual cuttings required from 61.7 miles to 40.3 miles, and by raising the summit level three feet increases it from 102 miles to 144.8 miles—a wonderful advantage—while he reduces the number of locks from twenty-one to seven, or possibly eight; by these modifications he is also able to reduce the time required for a ship to pass from ocean to ocean from thirty-seven hours to thirty hours. It should be added that since the previous surveys the increased size of ships and the experience obtained at the Suez Canal have led to enlarged measurements in the proposed depth and width of the prism of the canal, which is a most fortunate circumstance, for if the original proportions had been followed, the canal would now be subjected to the necessity of enlargement at great expense, which has been the case with the Suez Canal. Although the treaty failed of ratification, it resulted, as we see, in a very important and most valuable survey, which was so satisfactory, coming as it did at a time when the projectors of the canal of Panama found it necessary to add largely to their capital, and postpone several years the date assigned for the completion of that undertaking, that it led to the formation of a responsible association of experienced capitalists. They discerned that the time had come for the United States to build the canal, in the only really feasible location, before Germany or England should step in, and by so doing greatly delay or complicate a scheme that it is the legitimate destiny of America to accomplish and control. This association or syndicate, conscious of the approval of the country in undertak-

(*Continued on page 892.*)

Brito, on the Pacific

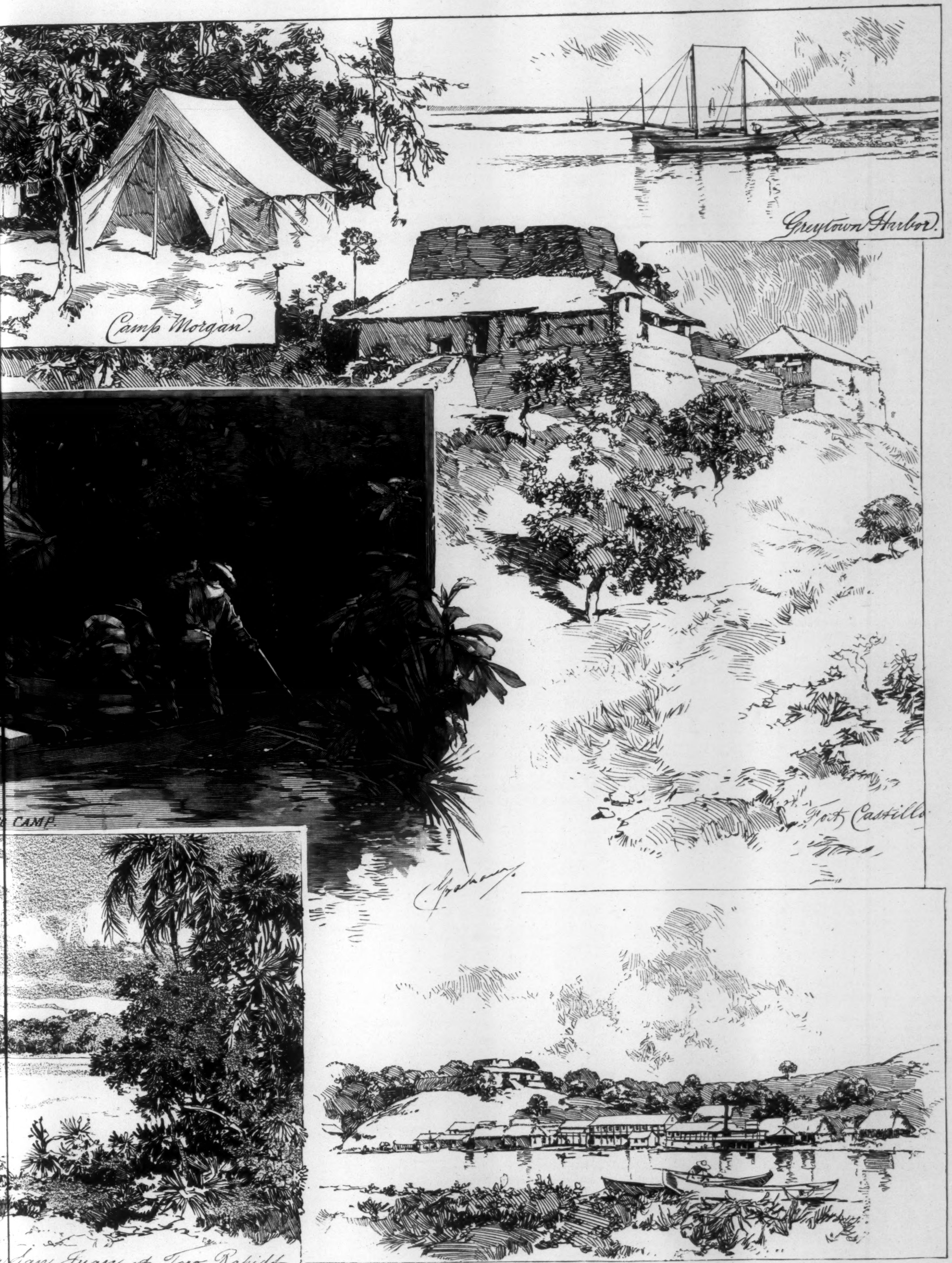
Greytown—The Plaza Victoria.

SHIFTING

Lake Nicaragua from Fort San Carlos

River

SKETCHES FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN, ON THE LINE OF



F THE PROPOSED NICARAGUA CANAL.—From Photographs.